

THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

| | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| I. Naval Warfare To-day. <i>By E. H. Seymour, Admiral of the Fleet.</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 131 |
| II. The First Hundred Thousand. V. "Crime." VI. The Laws of the Medes and Persians. <i>By the Junior Sub.</i> | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | 126 |
| III. The Pomanders. Chapter X. Valedictory Laughter. Chapter XI. Tears. <i>By Arthur Fetterless. (To be continued.)</i> | | 147 |
| IV. Freeing Six Millions. What Emancipation Means to the Russian Jew. <i>By Gabriel Costa.</i> | CONTEMPORARY REVIEW | 151 |
| V. A Naturalist in North Africa. <i>By H. M. Wallis (Ashton Billiers).</i> | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | 156 |
| VI. The Woman. Chapters IV. and V. <i>By A. A. Milne.</i> (Conclusion.) | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 164 |
| VII. "New Tasks" for America. | NATION | 168 |
| VIII. The French Yellow Book. | SATURDAY REVIEW | 170 |
| IX. The Importance of Aircraft in War. <i>By Charles C. Turner.</i> | OUTLOOK | 173 |
| X. A Question of Light. <i>By A. A. M.</i> | PUNCH | 175 |
| XI. "For This Relief, Much Thanks." <i>By Theodosia Lloyd.</i> | NEW STATESMAN | 178 |
| XII. Mathers Arranges It. <i>By Eden Phillpotts.</i> | WESTMINSTER GAZETTE | 180 |
| XIII. Old Boys. | SPECTATOR | 183 |
| XIV. The Routine of War. <i>By Ernest Dimnet.</i> | SATURDAY REVIEW | 186 |
| XV. The Humiliation of Austria. | TIMES | 188 |

A PAGE OF VERSE

| | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|-----|
| XVI. The Gates of the Borderland. <i>By George Hope Tait.</i> | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 130 |
| XVII. Mediation in War Time. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i> | NEW WITNESS | 130 |
| XVIII. The Crib. <i>By Susan Mitchell.</i> | | 130 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS | | 189 |



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE GATES OF THE BORDERLAND.

Oh for a day on the Border hills,
 Wi' their brackens waving high!
 Where the moorcock whirs, and the
 plover trills,
 And the bleating flocks reply;
 To gaze afar o'er the purple heath
 Or away to the Cheviots grand,
 Where the warders watched in the
 days of old,
 And the beacons blazed, and the slogan
 rolled,
 Where the brave and the valiant met
 the bold,
 At the Gates of the Borderland.

There's a valorsome spell on the
 Border braes
 That nane but her children ken,
 For the Border mithers crooned the
 lays
 That mettled the Border men.
 As visions rise on the bare hillsides,
 And the flames of romance are
 fanned,
 I can see the reivers ride the swire,
 And the flashing steel on a field of
 fire,
 Or a Douglas stand with a tiger's ire,
 At the Gates of the Borderland.

There's a dool and a wae in the Border
 glens,
 And their sabbin' bodes an omen;
 There's a lonesome licht in the Dowie
 Dens
 Or Kilmeny's haunted gloamin'.
 But I wadna turn, though I dree my
 weird,
 Or the ferlie waved her wand,
 And beckoned me doon by the Eildon
 tree
 Where the Queen and the Rhymer rode
 the lea,
 And passed to their deathless mysterie
 Through the Gates of the Border-
 land.

There's a glorious peace in the Border
 howmes,
 And a harp on her silver river;
 And saft is the tongue of the maid
 who sang
 The songs that shall live for ever.

So memory dwells on the "leal and
 true"

Who peopled the strath and the
 strand;
 In the auld kirkyaird their rest is
 sweet,
 Wi' the stars lookin' doon on the lown
 retreat,
 But their spirit lives in the hearts
 that beat

At the Gates of the Borderland.
George Hope Tait.

Chambers's Journal.

MEDIATION IN WAR TIME.

(AFTER ST. ANSELM.)

If Thou, Lord God, wilt to judge
 This Thy most piteous clay,
 Which to save Christ did not grudge
 His red dying, I should say:
 "Now I interpose His death
 'Twixt these children and Thy wrath."

Then if thou should'st say, "Their
 shame

Is as scarlet in Mine eyes,"
 I should ask, "Who bare the blame?
 Look on Thy Son's sacrifice!
 His dear Blood is far more bright
 That shall wash the scarlet white."

Still, if Thou Thy frown must keep
 And Thine eyes Thou dost avert
 (Ah, dear Shepherd of the Sheep),
 I will say, "Who took the hurt?
 I present Christ's death and pain
 'Twixt Thine anger and these slain."

Dear, they die in millions
 For a quarrel not their own.
 Look to this poor flock, Thy Son's,
 Harried all and overthrown.
 See, I lay Christ's Cross between
 Dear, Thy justice and their sin.

Katharine Tynan.

The New Witness.

THE CRIB.

Day closes in the cabin dim,
 They light the Christmas candle tall,
 For Him who is the Light of all.
 They deck the little crib for him
 Whose cradle is earth's swinging ball.

Susan Mitchell.

NAVAL WARFARE TO-DAY.

You may read in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, "That which is done is not that which shall be done," and "There is no new thing under the sun"; but Solomon (its reputed author) could hardly, I think, say so if living now. Modern life has many inventions not dreamed of in their youth by persons only middle-aged now. Of all states of life affected by new contrivances, none are more so than the conditions of navies and armies in time of war.

It is not my purpose to deal now with military matters, beyond remarking that the present system of prolonged battles on extended entrenched lines may almost be said to have had its origin in Manchuria, during the war between Russia and Japan.

As regards maritime warfare, the change from the conditions of little more than half a century ago is so great that no similarity exists between the sea strategy of then and now. The reason for this is apparent to all, viz. the development of the Whitehead torpedo, the perfection of submarine mines, and not least by the invention of submarines.

It is impossible here to omit the mention of aircraft, which in their way play a very important rôle in war, as also does wireless telegraphy; but the disposition and handling of the "capital ships" in war are chiefly dominated by torpedoes, mines, and submarine vessels. Before the existence of these, a ship of war could confidently sail the seas, feeling sure, at least in daylight and clear weather, that no enemy was near, and when he appeared that a fair fight and open battle was before them. The result of present conditions is that the strain on the nerves of the modern seaman in war-time is beyond all comparison greater than it formerly

was, and our present experience in this war seems to show that the loss of life will usually be far greater than formerly, because the defeated ship will generally be sunk. It follows from the above considerations that for modern naval war a far larger proportion of small craft are required than was formerly the case. I do not quite agree with Admiral Sir Percy Scott that the knell of the large ship has actually sounded, but I feel sure that its proportionate value in deciding the result of a naval war is infinitely less than it used to be. Nelson said that "want of frigates would be found written on his heart"; let us beware lest our modern admirals at sea say the same about cruisers, and justify the opinion given a few years ago by Lord Charles Beresford as to our lack of them. It has long been held that a so-called "fleet in being," superior or at least quite equal to that of the enemy, is necessary for a nation if she is to have any pretence to use the open sea for her trade. I think this opinion is correct; and if so, it seems to follow that the end of the "capital ship" fleet is not yet come, though the already obtained experience of this war shows up the immense value of the smaller craft, and their power to inflict injury at the most unexpected moments on vessels much larger and more powerful than themselves. I believe it may be said that the modern submarine has a range in all of about 3,000 miles, and can remain for a period of thirty to seventy hours under water.

I feel tempted to mention the naval engagements that have already taken place, but they are best studied by reading the daily papers, and the weekly summaries of the events of the war. I must, however, allude to the two naval actions that most impress

me—namely, our raid in the Heligoland waters on August 23 under Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, with his flag in H.M.S. *Lion*; and the at present vaguely reported unfortunate engagement off the coast of Chili, in which our small squadron under Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock has been quite overpowered by the superior force of the enemy. As regards the first of these engagements, the despatches reporting which were published in *The Times* of October 23, it may safely be stated that the risk, owing to the vicinity of the enemy's base and the probability of mines, was very great, and the whole affair was well carried out in a manner worthy of our best naval traditions. That our ships proceeded as they did at a high speed was undoubtedly a wise precaution, as it greatly reduced the risk of being struck by torpedoes. The enemy's losses were three cruisers and two destroyers sunk, and several others damaged. On our side no vessels were seriously hurt. Of the latter untoward occurrence in the Pacific Ocean I do not yet know enough to give any opinion, except that it is creditable to the Germans to have united their ships in readiness, and the affair helps to show the uncommon forethought and intelligence with which they act, and the great risks to our ships of war of being either isolated or cruising in very small squadrons till we can be sure of the reduction of our enemy's forces on the ocean generally. Still risks must be run in war, and there is much truth in the old saying, "Nothing venture, nothing have." Here again has been an example of the frequent deadly end of a modern sea-fight—namely, that the vanquished ship goes to the bottom with many of her crew.

It is interesting to see how useful our but lately acquired so-called "monitors" have been in the Belgian coast fighting, and how such light-

draught vessels escaped torpedoes fired at them by reason that these passed under their keels. The *Emden*, the *Alabama* of the war, has met with her end, but her career generally did credit to her captain. We all know well the adage, "All is fair in love and war," but none of us, I hope, subscribe to it. It is, I believe, admitted that in war-time you may hoist a false flag in order that your enemy may be deceived and take you as you approach him to be a friend, so long as before you actually fire you haul down the false flag and perhaps hoist your own. This seems to me much on a parallel with the soldier in war-time disguised as to uniform, approaching a foe when no battle was going on, but at the last moment throwing off his cloak, the instant before he shoots his enemy. If the above principle, as regards ships of war, is admitted, the officer commanding the attacking ship is acting quite properly if he turns to his signalman and says "Haul down the false ensign," and immediately afterwards turns to the gunnery officer and tells him to fire his gun or torpedo.

The percentage of our merchant-ship losses are, in comparison with those of our enemy, something like 1 per cent of what we have on the high seas to 30 per cent of theirs. And we have lessened and probably shall lessen further the number of their commerce destroyers. It may be of interest to refer to Admiral Mahan's words in "The Influence of Sea Power," vol. II., where he says that the losses of our merchant ships and sea-borne goods in the long wars of a century ago were on the whole less than one-fortieth of their entire value, or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of all.

Germany as a nation has so indelibly disgraced herself by her treatment of Belgium that it requires an effort to speak of her in any laudatory terms; but at all periods of history it has

been permitted to admire the patriotism, courage, and honorable conduct of our individual foes. I must confine myself to the consideration of their navy, and I am glad to say without hesitation that I have a respect for the German naval officers and seamen generally; and I have seen and known a good deal of them, specially when I had the honor of commanding the Allied Expedition against the Chinese in 1900. Their discipline and training are very good, their courage no one doubts, and their submarines have already done some excellent service, that any nation might be proud of. I fully expect to find their naval *personnel* both worthy and honorable enemies; ship for ship, I believe, they would be equal to any foreign vessels; but I consider our ships' gunnery is, generally speaking, superior to theirs, and this is no doubt greatly due to the inventions and instructions of the Admiral already named in this article.

We are not pleased at the success of our 'enemies' ocean cruisers in injuring our commerce, but I believe they have on the whole done their work as our own officers would have in their place.

It is easy to say the German Navy is skulking in its canal and harbors. But their fleet is of course quite unequal to meeting ours at sea; and they are able as it is to render valuable service to their country, by controlling Russian action in the Baltic, and preventing Russia moving her troops by sea.

England, and especially English sailors, of course long for a modern Trafalgar, but unless the Kaiser orders his fleet out, as Napoleon ordered Admiral Villeneuve out to encounter Nelson, I do not expect that we shall have the desired opportunity. And the German Fleet, while in existence, is at least a counter for them to bargain with when terms of peace are being

arranged, at which time I fully believe they will greatly need all such help. As regards our own fleet's action and immediate service to its country, without doubt they are doing both what they should do, and all that they can at present do: all that they should do, because they are holding themselves in instant readiness in case the German Fleet should venture out, and all that they can at present do, because they are keeping our enemy's fleet in their ports; they are safeguarding our sea-borne commerce, enabling us safely and confidently to bring troops from overseas as if no war existed, ensuring our crossing to France and Belgium almost as in actual peacetime, and keeping the price of our food down to its normal rates.

The changes in the Navy since the Crimean War, in which my naval service began, are in all respects astounding. In those days, and for some years after, we had in commission several ships with sails only, and no steam power; while those with steam power were also all heavily rigged, so as to be independent of their steam. But the most important change really in the Navy is that in the days above referred to the real fighting efficiency of our ships was much neglected in comparison with appearance and pure seamanship. The first thing aimed at was smartness aloft in the handling and shifting of masts, yards, and sails; then came the cleanliness and appearance of the ship, boats, and hammocks. But the actual gunnery, in comparison with the above, took quite "a back seat." All this has for several years been entirely changed; the ships are clean and wholesome, but the one thing above all considered by Admirals, by Inspecting Officers, captains of ships, and others, is the fighting efficiency of the vessel. The service has become far more strenuous than it used to be; for several years past our squadrons

on the Home stations especially have been worked at high pressure, the one object being to prepare them for war. This is, of course, as it should be. Of an officer now of the highest rank, and universally admired, his men said "he is the devil in peace-time, but would be the angel in war." They meant that he worked them well up in preparation, but if war came with him in command they would regard him as their true leader and guardian angel.

When war partly maritime breaks out, England, possessing not only the largest navy, but also the largest merchant fleet of ships and the largest sea-coast fishing population in Europe, has from these three bodies of seamen the greatest power of what I will call marine elasticity. At this moment anyone who studies our Navy List must, I think, be struck with the splendid addition to our "Armada" both of vessels of many types and of the real sea-trained officers to command and to assist in managing them. And besides the officers we have a hardy maritime population to man the numerous and varied craft that the call of war requires. This war will no doubt bring us many surprises; it will also teach us many useful lessons. What these will be, nationally speaking, I will not attempt to surmise; but as a sailor I feel no doubt that much regarding the constitution of fleets will be learnt, and that a very decided increase of smaller craft in navies generally will be one of these lessons.

In a war by sea and land like the present, it may be of some interest to consider for a moment the comparative value and influence on the whole, in a campaign between nations, of fleets and armies. Many may hold such a comparison impossible to make, and without doubt it is entirely a question of how the belligerent countries are situated with regard to each other. In answer to this political conundrum,

however, I will quote an undoubtedly very great authority, namely, Napoleon. The author of this view being what he was gives it strong claims to consideration, and in our judgment of it we should remember it is the opinion of a soldier, and not of a sailor. "It is stated by Napoleon that a fleet of thirty ships of the line, with guns and complement of men complete, may be considered as corresponding at sea to an army of 120,000 men on land" (see Alison's "History of Europe," vol. ix. chap. 39). Now this must be considered. First as regards ships, the modern "capital ship" or "super-Dreadnought" costs to begin with about ten times what a three-decked ship of the line cost a hundred years ago, and partly on that account the number of "capital ships" possessed by us now is only about half the number of sail of the line that we had in the Napoleonic Wars. Secondly, as regards troops, owing to increased populations, armies are several times larger than they were early last century. Any absolute comparison is impossible, considering an army as a unit of a nation's armed power; but it seems to me that, if we base ourselves upon Napoleon's dictum and the present state of land and sea armaments, we may say that one first-class super-Dreadnought at sea is equal as a war unit to 10,000 men. I give this only as a rough deduction from the opinion of the great Warrior Emperor.

To turn from warfare to statesmanship, the Germans as a nation appear to me to be a curious mixture of cleverness and of stupidity. This remark would very likely apply more or less acutely to most nations and persons, but as regards Germany I mean this: German talent in science, music, and literature cannot be denied or even belittled; German energy and industry are also in many things almost phenomenal; but German statesmen have

no more idea how to govern an alien country that comes under their aegis than most people have how to compose music. The real science of government is not to enslave a population that comes under your rule, but, while keeping order in their country, to give them also the appearance and feeling of such an amount of liberty that they only just know they are governed. It is like a thorough seaman steering a sailing vessel close hauled to the wind with "little helm," or like an experienced rider who has the blessed natural gift of light hands on a horse. This almost unconscious power to govern is a specially British attribute, and is really the secret and cause of the existence of the British Empire as it is. No efforts on the part of a nation can endow them with this heaven-sent gift; a man or woman might almost as well say that, because they wished to write like Shakespeare or paint like Velasquez, it was sufficient to resolve to do so. Germany's real power and natural place in the world is as a scientific, musical, and literary people, with high commercial abilities and an industry that must in the above spheres give her well-deserved success.

I am sorry to have to believe that she probably hates England the most of her present adversaries. But why? Because she most covets what we possess—namely, what she calls "world-power." And the envy of England is her infatuation. Bacon aptly quoted the saying, "*Invidia festos dies non agit.*" "World-power," what does it mean? Possessions under your flag spread far and near over the globe. Under your flag, yes, but not under your iron heel, or cramped in your "mailed fist." Such a domination, while your armed forces could ensure it, might have the semblance of world-power, but only so long and so far. It would not mean India and your

Colonies freely and voluntarily sending the best of their men to fight for you. No; the secret of world-power is an "*ignis fatuus*" to Germany, and by her practically unattainable. Let her be satisfied to be the great inland nation of Europe, learned and respected, rich by honest commerce, happy and prosperous. This she might have been, and her surplus population might have emigrated to lands where both a welcome and freedom awaited them; but she must try to have world-power. And how may world-power be acquired? Not really in a generation even by a force of arms superior to the utmost wielded by the Roman Empire in its palmiest days of power; time, long time, must be added.

We leave the term "world-power" to Germany; it suits her arrogant and domineering spirit. We speak of the "British Empire," which is the result, as regards our foreign possessions, of a period extending over more than three centuries. Some of our possessions were certainly acquired by force of arms, but their acquisition was only the preamble to their gradual absorption as part of the Mother Country, a process absolutely requiring time. A newly acquired colony must be treated with tact, brought up like a child, with a treatment "*suaviter in modo*" though if necessary "*fortiter in re.*" The loyal feeling of India and our Colonies has been most plainly shown since this war began.

My experience of life has brought me to the firm conviction that, if my country had to be conquered by either Russia or Germany, the process would in either case be unpleasant; but when the conquest was accomplished, by all means give me the Russian, who would sit down and live alongside me, while the German would treat me as an alien and grind me under his heel. Misfortunes are often in the end beneficial to individuals, and why not to nations?

At least they are a valuable and wholesome experience; and if ever a race of people required humbling it is certainly the Prussians now.

I know there are among us persons who fear that if we and our Allies are victorious, we may be too harsh on the German nation. Personally I have no such fear. I admit that Prussia is the really guilty part of Germany, but we cannot forget that the other provinces of the German federation have voluntarily aided and abetted her. Honest men do not assist the dishonest, and when separate States voluntarily unite themselves to others it must show a community of feeling and sentiment, as well as of interest.

I am no statesman, but I have some experience of life, and I firmly believe that the only thing that can repay us and our Allies for our awful sacrifice of life, and for the unutterable misery and temporary ruin of Belgium, is the destruction of Bismarck's life work, the isolation of Prussia, and the reduction of her territory at least to what it was before 1864, when she acquired, by conquest from Denmark, Schleswig and Holstein. Prussian Poland would of course be taken from her, and Alsace and Lorraine restored to France.

The present stupendous war was begotten by mad Prussian ambition, which originated from her surprising

The Cornhill Magazine.

success in 1870-1871, when she quite lost her head, and gradually came more and more to the belief that she was invincible. The Germans as a race are very curiously subservient to their Government—more so, I believe, than any other European people. This weakness should be their happiness; it has become their curse, because they have submitted themselves to the dominion of Prussian militarism, the destruction of which would really be their greatest blessing.

When, as we both hope and firmly believe will be the case, the Allies have crushed German military power, we should no doubt differentiate between Prussian rule and German existence; but the peaceful happiness of the latter can only be considered at the expense of the former, as I consider that the fact of belonging to a first-class Power is not by any means necessarily a cause of joy to its people. Peace and prosperity produce the real welfare of a population; and a small Power such as Switzerland is, and such as Belgium was and will again be, probably enjoys more real happiness than another which, by widespread conscription and high taxes, seeks to surpass other nations in naval and military power, and jealously strives for their domination.

*E. H. Seymour,
Admiral of the Fleet.*

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.*

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

V. "CRIME."

"Bring in Private Dunshle, Sergeant-Major," says the Company Commander.

The Sergeant-Major throws open the door, and barks—

"Private Dunshle's escort!"

The order is repeated *fortissimo* by

* The Living Age, Dec. 12, 1914.

some one outside. There is a clatter of ammunition boots getting into step, and a solemn procession of four files into the room. The leader thereof is a stumpy but enormously important-looking private. He is the escort. Number two is the prisoner. Numbers three and four are the accuser—counsel for the Crown, as it were—and a

witness. The procession reaches the table at which the Captain is sitting. Beside him is a young officer, one Bobby Little, who is present for "instructional" purposes.

"Mark time!" commands the Sergeant-Major, "Halt! Right turn!"

This evolution brings the accused face to face with his judge. He has been deprived of his cap, and of everything else "which may be employed as, or contain, a missile." (They think of everything in the King's Regulations.)

"What is this man's crime, Sergeant-Major?" inquires the Captain.

"On this sheet, sir," replies the Sergeant-Major . . .

By a "crime" the ordinary civilian means something worth recording in a special edition of the evening papers—something with a meat-chopper in it. Others, more catholic in their views, will tell you that it is a crime to inflict corporal punishment on any human being; or to permit performing animals to appear upon the stage; or to subsist upon any food but nuts. Others, of still finer clay, will classify such things as Futurism, the Tango, Dickey's, and the Albert Memorial as crimes. The point to note is, that in the eyes of all these persons each of these things is a sin of the worst possible degree. That being so, they designate it "a crime." It is the strongest term they can employ.

But in the Army, "crime" is capable of infinite shades of intensity. It simply means "misdemeanor," and may range from being unshaven on parade, or making a frivolous complaint about the potatoes at dinner, to irrevocably perforating your rival in love with a bayonet. So let party politicians, when they discourse vaguely to their constituents about "the prevalence of crime in the Army under the present effete and undemocratic system," walk warily.

Every private in the Army possesses what is called a conduct-sheet, and upon this his crimes are recorded. To be precise, he has two such sheets. One is called his Company sheet, and the other his Regimental sheet. His Company sheet contains a record of every misdeed for which he has been brought before his Company Commander. His Regimental sheet is a more select document, and contains only the more noteworthy of his achievements—crimes so interesting that they have to be communicated to the Commanding Officer.

However, this morning we are concerned only with Company conduct-sheets. It is 7.30 A.M., and the Company Commander is sitting in judgment, with a little pile of yellow Army forms before him. He picks up the first of these, and reads—

"Private Dunshie. While on active service, refusing to obey an order. Lance-Corporal Ness!"

The figure upon the prisoner's right suddenly becomes animated. Lance-Corporal Ness, taking a deep breath, and fixing his eyes resolutely on the whitewashed wall above the Captain's head, recites—

"Sirr, at four P.M. on the fufth unst. I was in charge of a party told off for tae scrub the floor of Room Nummer Seeventeen. I ordered the prisoner tae scrub. He refused. I warned him. He again refused.

Click! Lance-Corporal Ness has run down. He has just managed the sentence in a breath.

"Corporal Mackay!"

The figure upon Lance-Corporal Ness's right stiffens, and inflates itself.

"Sirr, on the fufth unst. I was Orderly Sergeant. At aboot four-thirrtty P.M., Lance-Corporal Ness reported this man tae me for refusing for tae obey an order. I confined him."

The Captain turns to the prisoner.

"What have you to say, Private Dunshie?"

Private Dunshie, it appears, has a good deal to say.

"I jined the Alrmy for tae fight the Germans, and no for tae be learned tae scrub floors——"

"Sirr!" suggests the Sergeant-Major in his ear.

"Sirr," amends Private Dunshie reluctantly. "I was no in the habit of scrubbin' the floor mysel' where I stay in Dumbarton; and ma wife would be affronted——"

But the Captain looks up. He has heard enough.

"Look here, Dunshie," he says. "Glad to hear you want to fight the Germans. So do I. So do we all. All the same, we've got a lot of dull jobs to do first." (Captain Blaikie has the reputation of being the most monosyllabic man in the British Army.) "Coals, and floors, and fatigues like that: they are your job. I have mine too. Kept me up till two this morning. But the point is this. You have refused to obey an order. Very serious, that. Most serious crime a soldier can commit. If you start arguing now about small things, where will you be when the big orders come along—eh? Must learn to obey. Soldier now, whatever you were a month ago. So obey all orders like a shot. Watch me next time I get one. No disgrace, you know! Ought to be a soldier's pride, and all that. See?"

"Yes—sirr," replies Private Dunshie, with less truculence.

The Captain glances down at the paper before him.

"First time you have come before me. Admonished!"

"Right turn! Quick march!" thunders the Sergeant-Major.

The procession clumps out of the room. The Captain turns to his disciple.

"That's my homely and paternal tap," he observes. "For first offenders only. That chap's all right. Soon find

out it's no good fussing about your rights as a true-born British elector in the Army. Sergeant-Major!"

"Sirr?"

"Private McNulty!"

After the usual formalities, enter Private McNulty and escort. Private McNulty is a small scared-looking man with a dirty face.

"Private McNulty, sirr!" announces the Sergeant-Major to the Company Commander, with the air of a popular lecturer on entomology placing a fresh insect under the microscope.

Captain Blaikie addresses the shivering culprit—

"Private McNulty; charged with destroying Government property. Corporal Mather!"

Corporal Mather clears his throat, and assuming the wooden expression and fish-like gaze common to all public speakers who have learned their oration by heart, begins—

"Sirr, on the night of the sixth inst. I was Orderly Sergeant. Going round the prisoner's room about the hour of nine-thirty I noticed that his three biscuits had been cut and slashed, apparently with a knife or other instrument."

"What did you do?"

"Sirr, I inquired of the men in the room who was it had gone for to do this. Sirr, they said it was the prisoner."

Two witnesses are called. Both certify, casting grieved and virtuous glances at the prisoner, that this outrage upon the property of His Majesty was the work of Private McNulty.

To the unsophisticated Bobby Little this charge appears rather a frivolous one. If you may not cut or slash a biscuit, what are you to do with it? Swallow it whole?

"Private McNulty?" queries the Captain.

Private McNulty, in a voice which is shrill with righteous indignation,

gives the somewhat unexpected answer—

"Sirr, I plead guilty!"

"Guilty—eh? You did it, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

This is what Private McNulty is waiting for.

"The men in that room, sirr," he announces indignantly, "appear tae look on me as a sort of body that can be treated onyways. They go for tae aggravate me. I was sittin' on my bed, with my knife in my hand, cutting a piece bacca and interfering with nae-body, when they all commenced tae fling biscuits at me. I was keepin' them off as well as I could; but havin' a knife in my hand, I'll no deny but what I gave twa three of them a bit cut."

"Is this true?" asks the Captain of the first witness, curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"You saw the men throwing biscuits at the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"He was daen' it himsel'!" proclaims Private McNulty.

"This true?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain addresses the other witness.

"You doing it too?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain turns again to the prisoner.

"Why didn't you lodge a complaint?" (The schoolboy code does not obtain in the Army.)

"I did, sir. I tellt"—indicating Corporal Mather with an elbow—"this genelman here."

Corporal Mather cannot help it. He swells perceptibly. But swift puncture awaits him.

"Corporal Mather, why didn't you mention this?"

"I didna think it affected the crime, sir."

"Not your business to think. Only

to make a straightforward charge. Be very careful in future. You other two"—the witnesses come guiltily to attention—"I shall talk to your platoon sergeant about you. Not going to have Government property knocked about!"

Bobby Little's eyebrows, willy-nilly, have been steadily rising during the last five minutes. He knows the meaning of red tape now!

Then comes sentence.

"Private McNulty, you have pleaded guilty to a charge of destroying Government property, so you go before the Commanding Officer. Don't suppose you'll be punished, beyond paying for the damage."

"Right turn! Quick march!" chants the Sergeant-Major.

The downtrodden McNulty disappears, with his traducers. But Bobby Little's eyebrows have not been altogether thrown away upon his Company Commander.

"Got the biscuits here, Sergeant-Major?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Show them."

The Sergeant-Major dives into a pile of brown blankets, and presently extracts three small brown mattresses, each two feet square. These appear to have been stabbed in several places with a knife.

Captain Blaikie's eyes twinkle, and he chuckles to his now scarlet-faced junior—

"More biscuits in heaven and earth than ever came out of Huntley and Palmer's, my son! Private Robb!"

Presently Private Robb stands at the table. He is a fresh-faced, well-set-up youth, with a slightly receding chin and a most dejected manner.

"Private Robb," reads the Captain. "While on active service, drunk and singing in Wellington Street about nine P.M. on Saturday, the sixth." Sergeant Garrett!"

The proceedings follow their usual

course, except that in this case some of the evidence is "documentary"—put in in the form of a report from the sergeant of the Military Police who escorted the melodious Robb home to bed.

The Captain addresses the prisoner.

"Private Robb, this is the second time. Sorry—very sorry. In all other ways you are doing well. Very keen and promising soldier. Why is it—eh?"

The contrite Robb hangs his head. His judge continues—

"I'll tell you. You haven't found out yet how much you can hold. That it?"

The prisoner nods assent.

"Well—find out! See? It's one of the first things a young man ought to learn. Very valuable piece of information. I know myself, so I'm safe. Want you to do the same. Every man has a different limit. What did you have on Saturday?"

Private Robb reflects.

"Five pints, sirr," he announces.

"Well, next time try three, and then you won't go serenading policemen. As it is, you will have to go before the Commanding Officer and get punished. Want to go to the front, don't you?"

"Yes, sir." Private Robb's dismal features flush.

"Well, mind this. We all want to go, but we can't go till every man in the battalion is efficient. You want to be the man who kept the rest from going to the front—eh?"

"No, sirr, I do not."

"All right, then. Next Saturday night say to yourself: 'Another pint, and I keep the Battalion back!' If you do that, you'll come back to barracks sober, like a decent chap. That'll do. Don't salute with your cap off. Next man, Sergeant-Major!"

"Good boy, that," remarks the Captain to Bobby Little, as the contrite Robb is removed. "Keen as mustard. But his high-water mark for beer is

somewhere in his boots. All right, now I've scared him."

"Last prisoner, sirr," announces the Sergeant-Major.

"Glad to hear it. H'm! Private M'Queen again!"

Private M'Queen is an unpleasant-looking creature, with a drooping red moustache and a cheese-colored complexion. His misdeeds are recited. Having been punished for misconduct early in the week, he has piled Pellon on Ossa by appearing fighting drunk at defaulters' parade. From all accounts he has livened up that usually decorous assemblage considerably.

After the corroborative evidence, the Captain asks his usual question of the prisoner—

"Anything to say?"

"No," growls Private M'Queen.

The Captain takes up the prisoner's conduct-sheet, reads it through, and folds it up deliberately.

"I am going to ask the Commanding Officer to discharge you," he says; and there is nothing homely or paternal in his speech now. "Can't make out why men like you join the Army—especially *this* Army. Been a nuisance ever since you came here. Drunk—beastly drunk—four times in three weeks. Always dirty and insubordinate. Always trying to stir up trouble among the young soldiers. Been in the army before, haven't you?"

"No."

"That's not true. Can always tell an old soldier on parade. Fact is, you have either deserted or been discharged as incorrigible. Going to be discharged as incorrigible again. Keeping the regiment back, that's *why*: that's a real crime. Go home, and explain that you were turned out of the King's Army because you weren't worthy of the honor of staying in. When decent men see that people like you have no place in this regiment, perhaps they will see that this regiment is just

the place for them. Take him away."

Private M'Queen shambles out of the room for the last time in his life. Captain Blaikie, a little exhausted by his own unusual loquacity, turns to Bobby Little with a contented sigh.

"That's the last of the shysters," he says. "Been weeding them out for six weeks. Now I have got rid of that nobleman I can look the rest of the Company in the face. Come to breakfast!"

VI. THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

One's first days as a newly-joined subaltern are very like one's first days at school. The feeling is just the same. There is the same natural shyness, the same reverence for people who afterwards turn out to be of no consequence whatsoever, and the same fear of transgressing the Laws of the Medes and Persians—regimental traditions and conventions—which alter not.

Dress, for instance. "Does one wear a sword on parade?" asks the tyro of himself his first morning. "I'll put it on, and chance it." He invests himself in a monstrous claymore and steps on to the barrack-square. Not an officer in sight is carrying anything more lethal than a light cane. There is just time to scuttle back to quarters and disarm.

Again, where should one sit at meal-times? We had supposed that the C.O. would be enthroned at the head of the table, with a major sitting on his right and left, like Cherubim and Seraphim; while the rest disposed themselves in a descending scale of greatness until it came down to persons like ourselves at the very foot. But the C.O. has a disconcerting habit of sitting absolutely anywhere. He appears to be just as happy between two Second Lieutenants as between Cherubim and Seraphim. Again, we note that at breakfast each officer upon entering

sits down and shouts loudly, to a being concealed behind a screen, for food, which is speedily forthcoming. Are we entitled to clamor in this peremptory fashion too? Or should we creep round behind the screen and take what we can get? Or should we sit still, and wait till we are served? We try the last expedient first, and get nothing. Then we try the second, and are speedily convinced, by the demeanor of the gentleman behind the screen, that we have committed the worst error of which we have yet been guilty.

There are other problems—saluting, for instance. On the parade-ground this is a simple matter enough; for there the golden rule appears to be—When in doubt, salute! The Colonel calls up his four Company Commanders. They salute. He instructs them to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The Company Commanders salute, and retire to their Companies, and call up their subalterns, who salute. They instruct these to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The sixteen subalterns salute, and retire to their platoons. Here they call up their Platoon Sergeants, who salute. They instruct these to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The Platoon Sergeants salute, and issue commands to the rank and file. The rank and file, having no instructions to salute sergeants, are compelled, as a last resort, to carry on with the coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing themselves. You see, on parade saluting is simplicity itself.

But we are not always on parade; and then more subtle problems arise. Some of these were discussed one day by four junior officers, who sat upon a damp and slippery bank by a muddy roadside during a "fall-out" in a route march. The four ("reading from left to right," as they say in high journalistic society) were Second Lieu-

tenant Little, Second Lieutenant Waddell, Second Lieutenant Cockerell, and Lieutenant Struthers, surnamed "High-brow." Bobby we know. Waddell was a slow-moving but pertinacious student of the science of war from the kingdom of Fife. Cockerell came straight from a crack public-school corps, where he had been a cadet officer; so nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath was hid from him. Struthers owed his superior rank to the fact that in the far back ages, before the days of the O.T.C., he had held a commission in a University Corps. He was a scholar of his College, and was an expert in the art of accumulating masses of knowledge in quick time for examination purposes. He knew all the little red manuals by heart, was an infallible authority on buttons and badges, and would dip into *The King's Regulations* or the *Field Service Pocket-book* as another man might dip into *The Sporting Times*. Strange to say, he was not very good at drilling a platoon. We all know him.

"What do you do when you are leading a party along a road and meet a Staff Officer?" asked Bobby Little.

"Make a point," replied Cockerell patronizingly, "of saluting all persons wearing red bands round their hats. They may not be entitled to it, but it tickles their ribs and gets you the reputation of being an intelligent young officer."

"But I say," announced Waddell plaintively, "I saluted a man with a red hat the other day, and he turned out to be a Military Policeman!"

"As a matter of fact," announced the pundit Struthers, after the laughter had subsided, "you need not salute anybody. No compliments are paid on active service, and we are on active service now."

"Yes, but suppose some one salutes *you*?" objected the conscientious Bobby Little. "You must salute back again,

and sometimes you don't know how to do it. The other day I was bringing the company back from the ranges and we met a company from another battalion—the Mid Mudshires, I think. Before I knew where I was the fellow in charge called them to attention and then gave 'Eyes right!'"

"What did you do?" asked Struthers anxiously.

"I hadn't time to do anything except grin, and say, 'Good morning!'" confessed Bobby Little.

"You were perfectly right," announced Struthers, and Cockerell murmured assent.

"Are you sure?" persisted Bobby Little. "As I passed the tail of their company one of their subs turned to another and said quite loud, 'My God, what swine!'"

"Showed his rotten ignorance," commented Cockerell.

At this moment Mr. Waddell, whose thoughts were never disturbed by conversation around him, broke in with a question.

"What does a Tommy do," he inquired, "if he meets an officer wheeling a wheelbarrow?"

"Who is wheeling the barrow," inquired the meticulous Struthers—"the officer or the Tommy?"

"The Tommy, of course!" replied Waddell in quite a shocked voice. "What is he to do? If he tries to salute he will upset the barrow, you know."

"He turns his head sharply towards the officer for six paces," explained the ever-ready Struthers. "When a soldier is not in a position to salute in the ordinary way——"

"I say," inquired Bobby Little rather shyly, "do you ever look the other way when you meet a Tommy?"

"How do you mean?" asked everybody.

"Well, the other day I met one walking out with his girl along the road,

and I felt so blooming *de trop* that—"

Here the "fall-in" sounded, and this delicate problem was left unsolved. But Mr. Waddell, who liked to get to the bottom of things, continued to ponder these matters as he marched. He mistrusted the omniscience of Struthers and the superficial infallibility of the self-satisfied Cockerell. Accordingly, after consultation with that eager searcher after knowledge, Second Lieutenant Little, he took the laudable but fatal step of carrying his difficulties to one Captain Wagstaffe, the humorist of the Battalion.

Wagstaffe listened with an appearance of absorbed interest. Finally he said—

"These are very important questions, Mr. Waddell, and you acted quite rightly in laying them before me. I will consult the Deputy Assistant Instructor in Military Etiquette, and will obtain a written answer to your inquiries."

"Oh, thanks awfully, sir!" exclaimed Waddell.

The result of Captain Wagstaffe's application to the mysterious official just designated was forthcoming next day in the form of a neatly typed document. It was posted in the Anteroom (the C.O. being out at dinner), and ran as follows:—

SALUTES.

YOUNG OFFICERS, HINTS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF.

The following is the correct procedure for a young officer in charge of an armed party upon meeting—

(a) A Staff Officer riding a bicycle.

Correct Procedure.—If marching at attention, order your men to march at ease and to light cigarettes and eat bananas. Then, having fixed bayonets, give the order: *Across the road—straggle!*

(b) A funeral.

Correct Procedure.—Strike up *Tipperary*, and look the other way.

(c) A General Officer, who strolls across your Barrack Square precisely at the moment when you and your Platoon have got into mutual difficulties.

Correct Procedure.—Lie down flat upon your face (directing your platoon to do the same), cover your head with gravel, and pretend you are not there.

SPECIAL CASES.

(a) A soldier, wheeling a wheelbarrow and balancing a swill-tub on his head, meets an officer walking out in Review dress.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will immediately cant the swill-tub to an angle of forty-five degrees, at a distance of one and a half inches above his right eyebrow. (In the case of Rifle Regiments the soldier will balance the swill-tub on his nose.) He will then invite the officer, by a smart movement of the left ear, to seat himself in the wheelbarrow.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will comply, placing his feet upon the right and left hubs of the wheel respectively, with the ball of the toe in each case at a distance of one inch (when serving abroad, $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres) from the centre of gravity of the wheelbarrow. (In the case of Rifle Regiments the officer will tie his feet in a knot at the back of his neck.) The soldier will then advance six paces, after which the officer will dismount and go home and have a bath.

(b) A soldier, with his arm round a lady's waist in the gloaming, encounters an officer.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will salute with his disengaged arm. The lady will administer a sharp tap with the end of her umbrella to the officer's tunic, at point one inch above the lowest button.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will take the end of the umbrella firmly in his right hand, and will require the soldier to introduce him to the lady. He will then direct the soldier to double back to barracks.

(c) A party of soldiers, seated upon the top of a transport wagon, see an

officer passing at the side of the road.

Correct Procedure.—The senior N.C.O. (or if no N.C.O. be present, the oldest soldier) will call the men to attention, and the party, taking their time from the right, will spit upon the officer's head in a soldier-like manner.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will break into a smart trot.

(d) A soldier, driving an officer's motor-car without the knowledge of the officer, encounters the officer in a narrow country lane.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will open the throttle to its full extent and run the officer over.

Correct Acknowledgment.—No acknowledgment is required.

NOTE.—None of the above compliments will be paid upon active service.

Unfortunately the Colonel came home from dining out sooner than was expected, and found this outrageous document still upon the notice-board. But he was a good Colonel. He merely remarked approvingly—

"H'm. Quite so! *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo.* It's just as well to keep smiling these days."

Nevertheless, Mr. Waddell made a point in future, when in need of information, of seeking the same from a less inspired source than Captain Wagstaffe.

There was another Law of the Medes and Persians with which our four friends soon became familiar—that which governs the relations of the various ranks to one another. Great Britain is essentially the home of the chaperon. We pride ourselves, as a nation, upon the extreme care with which we protect our young gentlewomen from contaminating influences. But the fastidious attention which we bestow upon our national maidenhood is as nothing in comparison with the protective commotion with which we surround that shrinking sensitive plant, Mr. Thomas Atkins.

Take etiquette and deportment. If

a soldier wishes to speak to an officer, an introduction must be effected by a sergeant. Let us suppose that Private M'Splae, in the course of a route march, develops a blister upon his great toe. He begins by intimating the fact to the nearest lance-corporal. The lance-corporal takes the news to the platoon sergeant, who informs the platoon commander, who may or may not decide to take the opinion of his company commander in the matter. Anyhow, when the hobbling warrior finally obtains permission to fall out and alleviate his distress, a corporal goes with him, for fear he should lose himself, or his boot—it is wonderful what Thomas can lose when he sets his mind to it—or, worst crime of all, his rifle.

Bobby Little had an alarming object-lesson in the immutability of this law quite early in his career. He had just returned with his flock from an early morning "pipe-opener,"—a brisk "double" of half a mile. The platoon, blowing like grampuses, were standing "easy," when there was a slight commotion in the rear rank. Next moment an immensely solemn sergeant marched briskly round the flank and came to a halt before Second Lieutenant Little. He was followed by one Private M'Gurk.

The sergeant saluted.

"If you please, sirr," he announced in a voice of thunder, "this man wishes tae vomit!"

The requisite permission was hastily given, but it was touch and go. Another moment, and one of the Laws of the Medes and Persians would have been broken.

Again, if two privates are detailed to empty the regimental ashbin, a junior N.C.O. ranges them in line, calls them to attention, and marches them off to the scene of their labors, decently and in order. If a soldier obtains leave to go home on furlough for

the week-end, he is collected into a party, and, after being inspected to see that his buttons are clean, his hair properly cut, and his nose correctly blown, is marched off to the station, where a ticket is provided for him, and he and his fellow-wayfarers are safely tucked into a third-smoker labelled "Military Party." (No wonder he sometimes gets lost on arriving at Waterloo!) In short, if there is a job to be done, the senior soldier present chaperones somebody else while he does it.

This system has been attacked on the ground that it breeds loss of self-reliance and initiative. As a matter of fact, the result is almost exactly the opposite. Under its operation a soldier rapidly acquires the art of placing himself under the command of his nearest superior in rank; but at the same time he learns with equal rapidity to take command himself if no superior be present—no bad thing in times of battle and sudden death, when shrapnel is whistling, and promotion is taking place with grim and unceasing automaticity.

This principle is extended, too, to the enforcement of law and order. If Private M'Sumph is insubordinate or riotous, there is never any question of informal correction or summary justice. News of the incident wends its way upward, by a series of properly regulated channels, to the officer in command. Presently, by the same route, an order comes back, and in a twinkling the offender finds himself taken under arrest and marched off to the guard-room by two of his own immediate associates. (One of them may be his own rear-rank man.) But no officer or non-commissioned officer ever lays a finger on him. The penalty for striking a superior officer is so severe that the law decrees, very wisely, that a soldier must on no account ever be arrested by any save

men of his own rank. If Private M'Sumph, while being removed in custody, strikes Private Tosh upon the nose and kicks Private Cosh upon the shin, to the effusion of blood, no great harm is done—except to the lacerated Cosh and Tosh; but if he had smitten an intruding officer in the eye, his punishment would have been dire and grim. So, though we may call military law cumbrous and grandmotherly, there is sound sense and real mercy at the root of it.

But there is one Law of the Medes and Persians which is sensibly relaxed these days. We, the newly joined, have always been given to understand that whatever else you do, you must never, never betray any interest in your profession—in short, talk shop—at Mess. But in our Mess no one ever talks anything else. At luncheon, we relate droll anecdotes concerning our infant platoons; at tea, we explain, to any one who will listen, exactly how we placed our sentry line in last night's operations; at dinner, we brag about our Company musketry returns, and quote untruthful extracts from our butt registers. At breakfast, every one has a newspaper, which he props before him and reads, generally aloud. We exchange observations upon the war news. We criticize von Kluck, and speak kindly of Joffre. We note, daily, that there is nothing to report on the Allies' right, and wonder regularly how the Russians are really getting on in the Eastern theatre.

Then, after observing that the only sportsman in the combined forces of the German Empire is—or was—the captain of the *Emden*, we come to the casualty lists—and there is silence.

Englishmen are fond of saying, with the satisfied air of men letting off a really excellent joke, that every one in Scotland knows every one else. As we study the morning's Roll of Honor, we realize that never was a more

truthful jest uttered. There is not a name in the list of those who have died for Scotland which is not familiar to us. If we did not know the man—too often the boy—himself, we knew his people, or at least where his home was. In England, if you live in Kent, and you read that the Northumberland Fusiliers have been cut up or the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry badly knocked about, you merely sigh that so many more good men should have fallen. Their names are glorious names, but they are only names. But never a Scottish regiment comes under fire but the whole of Scotland feels it. Scotland is small enough to know all her sons by heart. You may live in Berwickshire, and the man who has died may have come from Skye; but his name is quite familiar to you. Big England's sorrow is national; little Scotland's is personal.

Then we pass on to our letters. Many of us—particularly the senior officers—have news direct from the trenches—scribbled scraps torn out of field-message books. We get constant tidings of the Old Regiment. They marched thirty-five miles on such a day; they captured a position after being under continuous shell-fire for eight hours on another; they were personally thanked by the Field-Marshal on another. Oh, we shall have to work hard to get up to that standard!

"They want more officers," announces the Colonel. "Naturally, after the time they've been having! But they must go to the Third Battalion for them: that's the proper place. I will not have them coming here: I've told them so at Headquarters. The Service Battalions simply *must* be led by the officers who have trained them if they are to have a Chinaman's chance when we go out. I shall threaten to resign if they try any more of their tricks. That'll frighten 'em! Even dug-outs

Blackwood's Magazine.

like me are rare and valuable objects at present."

The Company Commanders murmur assent—on the whole sympathetically. Anxious though they are to get upon business terms with the Kaiser, they are loath to abandon the unkempt but sturdy companies over which they have toiled so hard, and which now, though destitute of blossom, are rich in promise of fruit. But the senior subalterns look up hopefully. Their lot is hard. Some of them have been in the Service for ten years, yet they have been left behind. They command no companies. "Here," their faces say, "we are merely marking time while others learn. Send us!"

However, though they have taken no officers yet, signs are not wanting that they will take some soon. To-day each of us was presented with a small metal disc.

Bobby Little examined his curiously. Upon the face thereof was stamped, in ragged, irregular capitals—

LITTLE, R., 2ND LT.,
B. & W. HRS.
C. OF E.

"What is this for?" he asked.

Captain Wagstaffe answered.

"You wear it round your neck," he said.

Our four friends, once bitten, regarded the humorist suspiciously.

"Are you rotting us?" asked Waddell cautiously.

"No, my son," replied Wagstaffe, "I am not."

"What is it for, then?"

"It's called an Identification Disc. Every soldier on active service wears one."

"Why should the idiots put one's religion on the thing?" inquired Master Cockerell, scornfully regarding the letters "C. of E." upon his disc.

Wagstaffe regarded him curiously.

"Think it over," he suggested.

THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

CHAPTER X.

VALEDICTORY LAUGHTER.

It is a well-recognized fact that there are no occasions in life so hilarious as those which precede parting. Tears may come at the actual parting, but at the time of entertainment which precedes the dread moment human nature generally seems determined to show how utterly it can ignore prospective sorrow.

Something of this feeling was present on the evening of the day prior to our departure. The feeling was probably augmented by the laughing enquiries which were made from time to time about the conduct of Bessie and myself and Eva and Foddles on our recent outing.

Bessie and I were able to give a coherent account of our doings, but Eva could merely answer by laughter, while Foddles was smilingly and amiably evasive. There might have been some sort of pact between Eva and him, though what the nature of it was I could not tell. On the other hand, the idea of pact was displaced by the manner in which Eva seemed to regard Foddles—she seemed at times to look on him as a funny creature provided for her entertainment, and Foddles almost appeared to be answering to the demand.

It all made me, and others I suppose too, wonder what had passed between Eva and Foddles during the time when they had eluded us.

But all thoughts of particular persons and things were soon swept aside in the general entertainment which came into being to celebrate the last evening of our stay.

As an entertainment it was a tribute to the versatility and graces of the Pomander family. While all the girls

had been taught to be useful about the house and to be capable in the department of dumplings and diet, the higher side of their natures had not been neglected. Mary was a performer on the piano in a manner approaching brilliance. Bessie was not quite the equal of her sister as a pianist, but, to counter that, she was gifted with a softly melodious voice which produced the songs of her country in a manner well calculated to charm an ear little accustomed to Scottish music; while Eva was a dainty singer of highly modern ballads with catchy music and words adapted to amuse. But that is not all. Even Jock had had his talents developed so far as might be, and he was a reciter of no ordinary kind. Among other things, he recited the ballad of Jock Mackay with a wealth of illustrative gesture which could only have been gained by much experience. It was received with such enthusiasm that I cannot refrain from quoting the lines. Imagine then this ballad being repeated by Jock Pomander in a sort of wild sing-song and with a variation of keys having no special reference to meaning or effect, but probably modelled upon the seesaw style of Scotch psalm-singing. This is the ballad of Jock Mackay and Maggie Muckleball:—

“When Jock Mackay cam’ roving home
From a far counteree,
He had a lot o’ siller and
A lucky auld bawbee.

The bawbee he had got afore
From Maggie Muckleball,
And he had gi’en her ane as well
To keep till he should call.

So Jock in mighty fettle came
To see his Muckleball,
And find if she had kept her troth,
The bawbee after all.

But ten years' time had dribbled by
Afore poor Jock had come,
And Meg, alas, had gone and got
A ring around her thumb.

Jock met her in the village street,
A Muckle-ball was she,
But lack-a-day her name was changed,
Now she was Mucklebee.

Jock saw her, and remembered well,
Yes, yes, 'twas Muckleball;
'Oh Lord,' says Jock—it was a shock—
'She's fatter than them all.'

But Jock was dounce and honest—yes,
So just for auld lang syne
He pulled his bawbee out, and said,
'That's yours, and noo whaur's
mine?'

Poor Muckleball grew faint and ill,
She said, 'I'm no' that well,
I bought a poke o' sweet's wi' it—
Guid sakes, ye winna tell.

'My husband is a jealous man,
He's Sandy Mucklebee,
God save us a' if he should ken
That you have spoke to me.'

And then Jock laughed a jolly laugh,
And spun the auld bawbee;
'It's brought me luck,' he cried, 'while
mine

Has muckle fattened ye.

'So Mucklebee or Muckleball,
I care not which I see,
Ye're muckle mair than I would care
To have to marry me.'

From the last verse it would appear
that Jock Mackay was like Jock Pomander, an inconveniently candid character. It was surely unkind of him to refer so pointedly to his former love's *embonpoint*. His failings, however, did not in the least take away from the enthusiasm with which Jock Pomander's effort was received.

There followed a pianoforte duet by the Misses Mary and Bessie, which appeared to me to ripple along as trip-

pingly and melodiously as such things usually do. Then a song by Eva, entitled "The Canary," followed by her sister Bessie in "The Flowers of the Forest," and subsequently "The Laird o' Cockpen." I myself was so misguided as to sing "The Boys of the Old Brigade," while Foddles, being a stockbroker, sang "Let me like a Soldier Fall," with variations. I need scarcely say that both our efforts were received with an enthusiasm quite out of proportion to our deserts. Foddles should have been hanged for his work, while imprisonment might be said to represent adequately my lesser offence.

All the while John Pomander and his wife were sitting in the room laughing heartily, and apparently enjoying themselves vastly. That was always the remarkable thing about the Pomander family: they seemed all to have a naturally happy disposition which was infectious. They were all happy, and—among the simplest possible things—so were we. Of course there are always the superior people in the world who would despise all such simple gaiety. Let them! They are the losers. For my part, I frankly confess that despite a legal training, some musical knowledge, and a considerable experience of London and Continental concerts, I am sure that I was quite as happy listening to a few well-known songs among these simple people as I have been many a time when listening among a proper audience, half of whom were obviously bored, to the labored efforts of Signor Franky Panky or Madame Paggiano.

After the music came games. Needless for me to detail them—from card-reading to whist, from whist to old maid, and from old maid to donkey. Donkey was the last and greatest of them all. What a game! And what hilarity!

I took cramp in one leg in the middle of the game, and in sudden pain

upset the wicker table. Shrieks of laughter drowned my apologies. The table in its fall hit nearly everybody in some part, and there was a rubbing of joints, and a sympathy exhibited by everybody for every one else which was really touching.

On resuming the game the play became highly exciting. We all became Ds; we all became Dons; and most of us became donkeys; but who should attain donkey with a tail? Before that happened, the qualities of the creature donkey were discussed with a scientific zest worthy of a greater cause, and with a gaiety which could not have been improved. Foddles indeed achieved the premier distinction in this matter by his touching picture of the life of the donkey—a picture which almost drew tears to the eyes, and by the diversion created came near to making some one else than himself the donkey of the game.

"Contemplate the life of the donkey," said Foddles. "Is it not a wonderful and beautiful thing to consider?" At this point Eva apparently got quite out of hand in the way of laughter. She seemed to have reached the stage where she could no more stop laughing.

Foddles, however, persevered unmercifully, and as every one was in a risible condition, Eva was not specially noticed.

"Yes," continued Foddles. "Think of the quiet, patient, self-sacrificing life of the donkey. Day by day, year by year, toiling backwards and forwards on the seashore on his little penny round, carrying the little babies safely to and fro? And what for, my friends, what is it all for? Nothing more than existence and a few wisps of hay."

Foddles paused. When he spoke again the true object of his beautiful homily began to appear. "Should we not then all strive," he continued, "in what measure we may, to achieve the

honorable distinction of identifying ourselves with this most patient and sagacious animal?"

Every one deemed it highly fitting when at the close of the game Foddles became identified with the patient and sagacious animal. Eva said that it served him right. I saw Foddles raise his eyes and glance at her when she said that. I wondered what it meant. What had they been doing, these two?

Whatever it was or meant, they gave no information.

With that game we came to the end of the evening. It was now well past twelve o'clock, when all good country folk are in bed, but the time had slipped by unnoticed. We gathered round all hand in hand, excepting Mary, who was at the piano. Foddles had one hand of Eva and one of Mrs. Pomander, while I had one hand of Eva and one of Bessie. The father and Jock were gathered in somehow. And so in a circle we sang it once again, the "Auld Lang Syne" which even an Englishman can sing nowadays.

And so ended the last of the altogether gay days which I had with the Pomanders.

CHAPTER XI.

TEARS.

As I look back, the events of the last day of these days stand out with peculiar clearness in my recollection. Why it should be so I cannot tell. But there was something uncanny about that parting which made it memorable. The gaiety of the evening before had perhaps been followed by relapse in the morning, and the gloom of parting hung over us with more than usual heaviness. Yet there was no apparent reason for it. There seemed no reason why—as we promised—we should not be back at Pomander Farm a year hence, or six months hence for that matter. Nevertheless it seemed to me improbable. It had been my fate

throughout life to find that idyllic days are only given once. You cannot return to the same spot and enjoy yourself in exactly the same way as once you did. No. Things change; people change; the gift is given once, and afterwards there only remains a recollection which may rejoice the heart or perhaps sadden it.

For myself I know that it was in that sort of mood that I parted, and I think the others had much the same feelings. We knew it was but a pretty mockery in which we indulged when we shook hands and smiled and said *au revoir*. Yet—why—why—why? Where did the forebodings come from? How did they arise? There was not a sign of trouble ahead, and still we were troubled.

The last glimpse of the family was the sight of Bessie and Eva on the platform as the train puffed slowly out of the station. They stood there smiling, but yet with kindly sorrow in their faces, waving two little handkerchiefs after us.

I remember Bessie had seemed a little stiff to me that morning—why, I could not tell—as if she had been hurt in some way. I did my best to enliven her, but she would not be very bright. However, there was certainly nothing but kindness in her look when the train was moving away. She remained a sweet little vision in gold and white and brown; Eva in pink was in pretty contrast with her.

As soon as the train had gone a short distance they ran out of the station to the roadway and climbed upon a fence from which they could see us for a greater distance. From that point of vantage they continued to wave until a rising ground hid us from view, and hid them from us.

When that happened, Foddles sat back in the carriage with a sigh.

So did I.

So we travelled south, two discon-

solate bachelors, leaving the comforts of a happy home in idyllic surroundings and with charming company for the bleak hardships of single blessedness, and the austere government of proper landladies.

Why did we do it?

I am sure I do not now know the reason why, any more than I did then. I suppose, like Pharaoh, we simply hardened our hearts.

As the journey proceeded we gradually became more cheerful. For purposes of travel Foddles was an ideal companion, and he greatly enlivened me. I endeavored to ascertain on what footing he had left Eva, but on that matter he was singularly reticent. Beyond remarking that she was a spirited girl, or something to that effect, I could really get nothing out of him. I must say that, in view of the reasons for which I had brought him to Pomander Farm, I was greatly disappointed. However, one cannot press too far on such matters.

Somewhat to my surprise, he, on the other hand, took it upon himself to rally me about Bessie. But, of course, I had throughout made it perfectly clear that I had no matrimonial intentions.

During a large part of the journey we talked of nothing but the Pomanders. It was during the conversation that there suddenly came into my mind the recollection of the Boulangos Soaranties. These wretched mining shares, and the conversation I had had with John Pomander about them, had, with the arrival of Foddles and other events, utterly passed out of my mind. But the fact that Foddles was a stockbroker suddenly brought the whole thing back to my recollection.

I asked Foddles what he thought of the Boulangos venture. Unfortunately he had little more than heard the name, and knew almost nothing of the intrinsic merits of the scheme. He ob-

served, however, that the names on the board of directors were about sufficient in themselves to satisfy any man.

Apparently Foddles did not think much of the proposition, but he did not discuss it. I think his mind was then occupied with gloomy retrospect or pleasant reverie (Foddles has a funny face, which makes it difficult to tell

what he thinks), and he could not be bothered with anything in the nature of business.

But as I stared out of the train at the fleeting landscape, and mused about them all, it came to me suddenly that probably the feeling which I had of impending disaster might not be unassociated with this wild venture in silver mines.

(To be continued.)

(FREEING SIX MILLIONS.)

WHAT EMANCIPATION MEANS TO THE RUSSIAN JEW.

From the usual "highly authoritative source" the news is to hand, close on the heels of the promised Polish autonomy, that the Tsar is about to accord his Jewish subjects equal civil and political rights with the Russian people at large. This is not the first occasion that the hour of freedom has been gloriously heralded—and indefinitely postponed; not the first time the hopes of Russian Jewry have been permitted to soar sky-high, only to be dashed to earth again, and trampled upon anew.

Side by side with this portentous news item, in juxtaposition that savors of the sardonic, there appears the bald announcement that 250,000 Jewish subjects of the Tsar rallied to the colors at the general mobilization.¹ The elementary rights of citizenship may be denied them; the vodka-soaked peasant may despoil their homes, inflict unheard-of cruelties on their loved ones, yet they take their share in the battles of their country, fighting for a nation that grinds them under heel relentlessly.

What are the prospects of these men who have been marching to war, and possibly to death; and how does their lot compare with that of their fellow-nationals in other European armies?

The Russo-Jewish soldier may possess the spirit of a lion, the acumen of a general. Yet he can never hope to hold commissioned rank. Nor can he even aspire to the conductorship of a military band, though by temperament and ability none are better suited than he. As a would-be army surgeon his path is barred, however brilliant his attainments. And yet, when the call to arms rang through the Tsar's dominions, numbers of Jewish doctors were summoned to the front, to minister to the hurts of fellow-Russians who regarded them, maybe, in the light of natural enemies. During the course of the Russo-Japanese war, 140 Jewish doctors were engaged in the Far East, whilst the Jewish element then in the Russian forces was computed at 10 per cent. Jewish patriotism was a wonderfully stirring thing in those dark days for the Northern Colossus. Jews of all social grades contributed freely to the Red Cross funds, whilst the Israelites of Kishineff—Kishineff, scene of one of the most terrible pogroms in the history of Russian repression—offered up prayers in its synagogues for the success of the Russian arms!²

² After these lines were penned, a newspaper despatch from Petrograd stated that in recognition of their bravery in action, Jews would in future be eligible for commissioned rank in the Russian Army and Navy. The news has never been confirmed and is evidently without foundation.—THE AUTHOR.

¹ 400,000 are now serving.

Such is part of the queer patchwork of Russo-Jewish life! That patriotism should exist at all, in the face of their position as a whole, is one of the most surprising things to be met with in the history of nations. Nor, when occasion offers, do the authorities seem anxious to fan the tiny flame of national ardor. It is on record, for example, that at the close of the Russo-Japanese war a number of Jewish military heroes, some with decorations for conspicuous gallantry, were discharged from the hospitals but half-cured. Was the accommodation badly needed, or were the wounds incurable? No. The hospitals, at Kieff and Moscow, happened to be outside the Pale of Settlement! Patriotism under such disheartening circumstances needs to be pretty fervent to bear the strain. This attitude has unfortunately found many a parallel during the present war. Let there be no mistake, for the matter of that, about the grit and bravery of the Jew—whether he be Russian-born or the child of a more enlightened race—when it comes to fighting his country's enemies. Before and since the days of Deborah, there have been no more thrilling pages in Jewish history than those that tell of Israelitish pluck in the face of fearful odds. The spirit of the Maccabees burns as brightly now as in the days of Greece of old. "Shalom," peace, is the watchword of the Jew, but there comes a time—there has come a time—when peace is impossible, and the turning of swords into ploughshares must be further delayed. Then does the Israelite respond to the call of duty.

The Russian conscript fights because he must; the English Jew because he feels he must repay a debt of gratitude to a country that has been all in all to him and to his. Peer's son and first-born of the Ghetto grocer rub shoulders in the task of upholding their nation's honor. In the Regulars,

Cavalry, Guards, and Territorials, here you shall find the cream of Anglo-Jewry, the sons of merchant princes, men who hold the purse-strings of nations. And you shall find, too, in other Continental armies, the finest possible tribute to Jewish bravery and acumen. Ten Jewish generals are serving in France. In Italy, the late General Ottolenghi was once Italian Minister for War; whilst Austria numbers scores of responsible officers in its ranks. In Germany, however, the Jew, though enjoying full civil and political rights, has no prospect of anything higher than the humblest rank. But it is easy to realize that that country benefits tenfold which metes out to its Jewish subjects the treasured boons of tolerance and consideration. Already, as in the Russo-Japanese war, tales of Jewish bravery are filtering through. First to attract notice is the exploit of a Jewish medical student from Wilna, named Osnas, invalided home on account of wounds received in saving the colors of his regiment during the fighting in East Prussia. "Do everything that is possible to save the life of Osnas," telegraphed his Commander to the hospital authorities. The medical student has been honored by the bestowal of the Military Cross of St. George.

When events come to be sifted, we shall probably hear of similar instances of Russo-Jewish patriotism. As for our own brave soldiers, there can be nothing more convincing, nothing more gratifying than the emphatic reply of a wounded corporal of the Black Watch to a "Voice" in a crowd of sympathetic Londoners. "And the Jews," queried the "Voice," "what are they doing?" The Highlander replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Doing? Well, their duty. We had three with us, and bonnier lads and braver I don't wish to see. They fought just splendid."

² "Daily News," September 4th.

No less arresting was the avowal of a private of the Berkshire Regiment. "We had ten in our company," he said, "all good fighters, and six won't be seen again. So don't say a word against the Jews." As I write, the exodus of Young Israel from Ghetto to camp is still proceeding. To the English Jew there is something unspeakably grand in the spontaneity and enthusiasm of this response to the country's call; a something that tells of a deep and abiding love for this home of tolerance and freedom.

But what, after all this digression, does the promised emancipation connote? Does it signify, as the plain man may be forgiven for presuming, the acquirement of that intangible something for which our sisters have been striving—the vote? By no means. It may be regarded as nothing more nor less than the clarion call to freedom; the prelude to the passing of a slavery far worse than that of the days of Pharaoh; the opening of the gates of life and hope to tolling millions who had imagined hope to have passed from their ken for ever.

The bearing of so just and magnanimous a concession—magnanimous when regarded in the light of Russia's invariable treatment of her Jewish millions—upon the future of the Jews of Eastern Europe and, indirectly, upon the Hebrew race as a whole, can hardly be calculated. It will mean ever so many things, this long-hoped-for emancipation. It will mean a stemming of that tide of immigration that has bothered the exclusionists for decades. It will make for the economic and cultural advancement of a country which has chosen to hold the most brilliant intellects in leash, to have smothered initiative, deliberately and effectively. For six or seven million subjects of the Tsar, penned ignominiously within the Pale of Settlement, subject to the heaviest taxation,

harassed at every turn, hedged around with a thousand arbitrary rules and inhuman restrictions, emancipation would mean a new life indeed. Russia a real home for her Jewish millions! It seems too rosy a dream.

I have been discussing with Jewish folk in London, Russian men and women of culture and refinement, the prospect of this dream becoming a reality. They incline to the belief that if Russia is really in earnest over the matter, and is not propounding it as a strategical move; if, in our time, she will hurl to the dust the grim, hope-excluding walls of the congested Pale, she cannot but open up an era of unexampled greatness and prosperity. With that wonderful intellectual force, now held in check, applied to the advancement of Russian culture and progress, the Empire of the Tsar might awaken and expand beyond the most ambitious dreams of its dead-and-gone autocrats.

The boon, however, has been long in coming; the denizens of the Russian Ghettos have long cast off their one-time mantle of racial optimism. His detractors complain that the Russian Jew is crafty, law-evading. But, then, they seemingly forget that the Russian Jew is a product of his environment; that craftiness begets craftiness; that it is his wit against that of wily officialdom, and that, summed up, it is a case of every country having the class of Jew it deserves. Raise the status of the dweller within the Pale, and then watch the gradual transformation, the sloughing of unwelcome attributes begotten by relentless oppression. Just ten years ago, the late M. de Plehve, then Minister of the Interior, dashed cold water over the hopes of a representative deputation which had ventured to submit a memorial for the extension of Jewish rights.

"It is not true," averred M. de

Plehve, "that the Tsar and myself regard the Jews as an inferior race. On the contrary, we regard them as smart and exceptionally clever. But if we admitted Jews to our Universities without restriction they would overshadow our own Russian students and dominate our intellectual life. I do not think it would be fair to allow the minority to obtain an advantage over the majority in this way." And as for their hopes of securing the rights accorded to Russians as a whole: "You have no prospects of obtaining the same rights of citizenship as are possessed by the non-Jewish inhabitants of Russia." With that came the pendant warning that any such concession would mean, not only the repetition of the massacres of Kishineff and Homel, "but on a much greater scale."

Ten years have passed since these words were uttered; ten years that have brought little, if any, amelioration in the lot of the people in whose name the memorialists had spoken. English Jewry may thus be pardoned for harboring its doubts; for accepting with especial reserve this highly portentous news, be its source ever so authoritative. And yet, with treaties, and passions, and animosities in the European melting-pot, what more natural than this greatest master-stroke of all, a stroke of the pen that will break off the shackles of six million subjects, enable them to follow their faith unhindered, to justify their Russian citizenship, pursue their avocations whither they will, and secure, without impediment, that intellectual advancement for which their souls are athirst, and for want of which they have been driven to obscure occupations.

It is too alluring, this prospect of a storm-tossed people living in peace, with no shadow of a terror lurking at its heels, each man under his vine and his fig tree, endeavoring to thrust aside

the memories of the pogrom-ridden past—Kishineff, Homel, and Bialystok—scanning hopefully the horizon of the future. If the hour of emancipation be truly at hand, it comes at a time when the position of Russian Jewry has attained to the limit of the intolerable; when backs that have become bent by sorrow and repressive laws are breaking under the strain of Romanoff inhumanity. And so, too, are countless hearts.

Here, in Russia, lies the generating point of that "eternal Jewish question" which the master minds of Israel have for decades attempted to solve. At the heart of that question lie those frightful social and economic ills that have arisen out of that much-debated "right of settlement." Taking Russian Jewry as a whole, its people are, theoretically, permitted to reside freely in ten provinces in Russian Poland and in fifteen provinces in South-West Russia, an arrangement that had its genesis in a ukase by Catherine the Great in 1791, and became definitely recognized in 1835. If this were all; if, within their Ghetto walls they were permitted to pursue their avocations in peace and security, all might be well, though their economic condition might yet leave much to be desired. But harassing laws restrict their initiative, and even the right of residence in the Pale itself is something of a chimera. How quaint to permit a man to live and ply his trade within a certain village, and then, after a temporary absence, to deny him the right to return! So long as the police approve, and so long as his "baksheesh" holds out, so long will his residence within the villages remain unchallenged. But with the appointment of new officials the farce must needs be re-enacted.

One might discern a Gilbertian touch were the issues not so tragic in Article 1,171 of the Criminal Code, which restricts an artisan to the selling of the

article actually manufactured by him. That a watchmaker—a Jewish watchmaker—should deal in watch chains and watch-keys and other incidentals, is regarded as an infraction of this curious law, a law that renders the transgressor subject to expulsion and his goods to confiscation.

Neither time, nor patience, nor misguided ingenuity appear to have been spared in arraying against him all the forces that make for material instability and mental despair. Intermittent excesses have been his portion since the close of the days of Alexander II., under whose beneficent *régime* the stunted plant of Jewish intellectual progress blossomed and bore fruit. The Jew carried all before him in the schools and academies; at the bar and in the professions he won his way by the sheer might of his intellect. It seemed at last that the powers of right and justice would prevail. Then came the tragic death of Alexander at the hand of the assassin, the tightening of old restrictions, the shattering of the hopes for the abolition of the Pale, and, incidentally, the setting back of the clock of Russia's progress. It cannot be denied, it is even conceded by those most competent to observe, that the oppression of the Jews in Russia reacts unfavorably upon commerce as a whole. Yet Russia, in her blind hatred, does not seem to have grasped, has not seemed to desire to grasp, its all-compelling significance.

Even the child of the Russian moujik has been taught to regard Jew-baiting as a sort of right, a misdemeanor that carries no punishment. Oppression has been piled upon oppression since Alexander's day, streets have run red with Jewish blood, and not one finger has been lifted by the Autocrat of the Russias to stay the assassin's hand—until too late. With tightening lips and fast-beating heart, the Jew turns to the tragic record of these

twentieth-century pogroms, and endeavors to persuade himself that we live in an age of culture and enlightenment. The pogrom of Orscha, typical of many, in the October of 1905, continued for three fearful days. On the third day the Vice-Governor addressed the crowds. "Children," he said, "it is enough. You have had three days' amusement; now go home and sing 'God save the Tsar.'" But the blood-lust of the crowd was not yet sated. They remained, killed a further seven of the Jewish lads of near-by Dubrowna, completing the pogrom just a week after the proclamation of the Constitution. You ask "Why?" So, too, do the Jewries of the world, and right-thinking men and women of every race.

Even in his search for health and recuperation the Russian Jew is hedged around with the eternal "Thou shalt not!" Residence in the health resorts in the Caucasus, in the neighborhood of medicinal springs, is denied him, though occasionally, by the presentation of medical certificates, a temporary sojourn is permissible. It is the thirst for education—education in its finest sense—that Russia has resolutely refused to quench, though here and there the sheer compelling brilliance of an intellect has caused officialdom to stand aside in very shame. And where merit alone has been fruitless in securing the admission of a pupil to the great centres of learning, persistent bribery has accomplished the needed result. How fearfully inflexible are these regulations, how determined the policy of educational exclusion, is illustrated by the inglorious rôle played by the authorities in connection with the notorious "yellow ticket."

Would the intellectual Jewess pursue a university career and cast off the galling restrictions of the Pale? She might do so, but not until registered as

a holder of the "yellow ticket," distinguishing badge and official permit of the Russian *cocotte*! With that terrible passport in her possession, and the path from the Pale rendered clear, it might have been imagined that, but for petty annoyances, she might attain to her long-cherished goal. But the authorities thought differently. The police were invariably placed upon her track to discover in how far the possession of her "yellow ticket" had been justified! "Holy" Russia!

Many and many a time, in the quiet precincts of the Alien Immigration Board at Great Tower Street, have I listened to stories of the Russo-Jewish immigrant that seemed to me like throbbing excerpts from melodrama. Here, in a terse sentence, was the heart-cry of a people. "Could not your family have supported you?" inquired the Chairman of a bearded, gaberlined patriarch. A tear rolled down his wrinkled face. "Woe is me!" he replied through the interpreter. "They killed my only child in the pogrom. I am alone in the world, alone." The old fellow ended his days in a strange, new country, where the policeman is a

The Contemporary Review.

friend, not an enemy; where a man is regarded as a human being, and where the authorities have their time more beneficently occupied than in fomenting riot and *pogrom*, and manufacturing accusations of ritual murder.

* * * * *

In the light of all this, in the light of the persistent withholding from a people of civic and human rights, it seems almost too much to hope that the century-old burden of Romanoff disabilities will be entirely removed. If it be true, and the Little Father be in earnest in this, his last resolve, then will six million voices make the heavens to tremble in a mighty shout of gratitude. Then will 250,000 Jews of all ages and social grades fight with added zest for the Great White Tsar, for then will they be fighting for a land that is truly "home." Then, and not until then, might Russia take her stand among the enlightened peoples of the earth, and held her head high in the knowledge that she has practically freed a nation and earned the undying gratitude of Israel and the world at large.

Gabriel Costa.

A NATURALIST IN NORTH AFRICA.

Sick to the inmost soul of failing to
set things right,
Misconstrued whatever I say, I yield
the fight.
Blind in the land of the blind, myself
inanest of all—
Striving with fulcrum-less lever to
move the terrestrial ball—
Sealing my lips, tearing my scroll,
breaking my pen,
Shaking the dust from my feet, shun-
ning the homes of men,
Unhidden by me shall the kaid op-
press, the mollah bray,
The world may go to the devil its
chosen way.

But I will turn to the wild where the
spirit rests and feeds,
Heed the flight of the homing stork,
the roar of rain in the reeds;
Know again the bloody flares and
pinching chills of morn,
The falling dusk and liquid pipe of
quail among the corn.
For me shall the air dance reels at
noon on the sun-baked rock;
For me the dust spin wheels ahead of
the trudging flock;
I will hark to the cry of kites from the
crag, the drone of rock-hived bees,
And watch the lights that quiver and
glint in wind-blown olive-trees;

Hear once more the sand-lark trill, the
plover cry,
Remembering only the days of the
years of the hand of the Most
High.

All that I was forgot, the future hid
in His hand,
I will cover my mouth and bow my
head in a thirsty land;
Pacing slow on the ridge of the world,
couched in the chambered hill,
On guard by the silent springs of the
soul till their channels fill,
Till the clucking boulders shift in their
bed and the oleanders strain,
And the brown flood holds a dimpled
cheek to the myriad-fingered
rain.

*The Burden of Nabal,
Prophet without honor.*

• • • • •
"The Wilderness"—What brain-cine-
matographs the word sets moving! Old
picture-books of childhood reopen,
closed Royal Academies are rehung.
The Patriarchs in primary colors pull
Joseph out of his saw-pit; Hagar
agonizes over thirsting Ishmael, an
aloe in one corner of the composition
balanced by a prickly-pear in the other,
American plants both: a Bedouin
crouched behind a terrified camel de-
fends himself from the "Swooping Ter-
ror"—a vulture, an it please you,
gentlest and benignest of birds! But
of all deserts the "Libyan Plain," near-
est and most famous, and oftenest vis-
ited, is the least known. (What of its
southern, eastern, and western bound-
aries?) Of all the smart crowd who
watch the fantasia and camel-races at
Biskra, how many seek admission to
the intimacies and beauties of the
desert?

French Africa, from Agadir to Tunis,
with its hinterland backing upon the
waste, is ethnologically and zoologi-
cally a piece of Europe. That a horde
of worthless Arabs should have stolen
it from us, robbed it of art and law
and Christianity, is one of the trage-

dies of Man. Its indigenous race, the
Kabyle, is as white as ourselves. Its
ancient stone dolmens resemble those
of our own islands. Many of its wild
animals are identical with those found
in Spain, or with those which existed
there within the human period. It is
the only part of Africa where the red
deer roams, or where you shall find the
European wild boar, rabbit, otter, fox,
wild sheep, and weasel. Its birds are
chiefly of European types, scarcely dis-
tinguishable from those found north of
the midland sea. A hundred indica-
tions point to recent land bridges by
way of Gibraltar at one end, and Malta
and Sicily at the other, whilst a hun-
dred more show that it has had little
intercourse with the rest of Africa.
The Sahara separates what is essen-
tially a European island from the
Tropics as effectually as did the shal-
low sea which preceded it.

Speaking broadly, North Africa
climbs from the coast in terraces to
the Atlas, and falls thence abruptly
to the desert level, offering thousands
of miles of inland cliffs to the mordant
winds. These bluffs are built of al-
ternating strata of sandstone and peb-
bles, bound together at their exposed
edges by no vegetation—for what can
endure the sirocco?—exposed to the
torrential rains of winter, the explosive
heats of summer, and at all times to
the disintegrating sandblast, grinding
down, sucking out, whisking away the
lighter particles until undermined beds
of conglomerate rumble down in
sheets of shingle. This is the Stone
Desert, of which more presently, which
lies between the mountains and the
Sand Desert, the Sahara proper, that
region of shallow salt lakes and glis-
tening *salinas*, which are the beds of
dried-up lagoons, of shifting dunes
topped with thorn-bushes, where the
white Horned Viper awaits the
chance-brought bird or mouse, which,
hurrying in to escape the hawk, is

struck and dies on the instant. A man succumbs in three minutes. Here, too, you shall find large thorny lizards of threatening aspect, but of the meekest manners, asking but a lettuce to make them happy. Gazelle is rare; ostrich has gone; shards of its eggs are not uncommon, and among them have recently been found fragments of stouter and darker shells. Here you may see the Houbara Bustard, and will be surprised at the extent of white it shows upon the wing; every bush holds its large brindled feathers. But there is small joy in days spent upon the Sand Desert: if there be no wind the sun beats down from a hard, blue vault, and strikes up from the white soil; there seems little to breathe. If the wind gets up it is worse; the sky turns khaki color, the horizon grows near and red; the blast torments eye and nostril with the asperities of a Provence Mistral, or a Holderness north-easter with sand added. This inhospitable region, reaching from the Nile to the ocean, illustrates the failure of life in the presence of impossible conditions.

The Stone Desert has more to show: its contours are less shifting, the gullies, scored by torrents which lose themselves beneath the sands southward, never quite forget what water can do. There are clear, warm, brackish pools bordered by saline vegetation and coarse rush, from which one flushes the Kentish and Little Ringed Plovers. Here the Sand Grouse comes to drink, sending a strange, grunting note before him. This is no true grouse, but a survival of the parent form from which all the gulls, terns, plovers, jungle-fowl and other gallinaceous birds have descended. So they tell us. The ancestor of this bird in some far-back, ante-tertiary day, exactly adapted itself to a desert environment, and from this type the main stock has hardly varied, whilst

collaterals, such as the gulls, have webbed the foot and whitened the plumage, pheasants have betaken themselves to the forest, grouse to the moors, partridge to the grass, and divers to the arctic tundra and sea. It would seem that the peacock in all his glory, the tiny sea-swallow and wanton lapwing are all cousin-forms of this singularly mutable race. Upon the Stone Desert birds who would escape the hawk adjust their color to the soil. The Crested Lark of the plough-lands northward has here bleached himself almost to sand-color: his cousin, the Desert Lark, has gone farther; the least visible of birds, he knows his immunity, and crouches at one's feet secure in his resemblance to the ground, even the newly hatched young in their nest of small stones are stone-colored too.

But it is the flowers of the region which catch one's breath. If by good luck one be upon the scene at the critical moment when the "Libyan Plain takes roses to her wrinkled face" one does not forget the experience. The cruel morning frosts of February-March are over, the sun is up, but not in tyrannous strength, the annual *réveillé* has sounded, and a race for the good things of life begins. It is now or never, no leisurely procession of blooms as with us, but a desperate sprint to keep to the fore for one more year, to thrust up at least one floweret to the wind, to attract, if it may be, one moth, one bee, to set and to disperse one seed, and then contentedly to wither, to shrink back, to sleep underground for another ten months. Hence at this juncture the Stone Desert displays a wealth of bloom wholly subversive to one's preconceptions. Ten thousand acres, or as many more as you please, lie before you, and every square rod of them all is ashine with something glorious. The particular space at your feet may be bare, but

the expanse seen in perspective is all-golden, or purple, rosy or blue in a vast patchwork sheet. And, as one admires and examines the display it is borne in upon one that this is curiously like what one has seen upon a smaller and poorer scale upon Swiss moraines in July-August. Not alone is the same broad effect produced, but plants of the same genera, and even of closely allied species, are engaged in its production. The small reniform Sorrel of the Alps has a first cousin upon the Stone Desert; the Alpine Toadflax has an own brother. You may think you are gathering Edelweiss within a mile of Biskra. Mountain Hawkweeds are replaced by shrubby plants displaying globular balls of yellow flowers defended by thorns; *dianthus* and *silene* by bushes of plum-colored blossoms; the broomrapes by a spike of parasitic orange and purple as tall and almost as conspicuous as foxglove. Sweet-scented cress you shall not lack, nor a true cabbage (*brassica*), perhaps the father of all the savoys, with portwine-colored root-leaves as big as crown-pieces supporting a tall stem studded with fleshy knobs no larger than threepenny-bits, holding aloft a single purple flower to tempt the bee. Nor do obvious similarities between widely-separated and dissimilar habitats cease here; the desert Spurge is fed down by the caterpillars of Hawk-Moths allied to those which subsist upon the Alpine Spurge at Saas Fée; the desert Fennel is the food-plant of the Swallowtail butterfly, as are the Wild Carrots of Flonny; "Blues" and "Clouded Yellows" flit over both Stone Desert and Moraine, and Sphynx-Moths poise above the posies of desert pink precisely as one sees them poising above the pads of *Silene acaulis* in the Dolomites. There are many forms of Grasshopper in both localities, and a large drab Hunting Spider seems as much at home at El Kantara as on the

Mt. Collon moraine at Arolla. Similar conditions have produced like results; nine months of impossible cold, or heat, as the case may be, have restricted flora and fauna to such families and genera as can adapt their reproductive arrangements to the time-limit. The plant of the stony moraine, or the arid waste, knows its business, and has no reserves, but flings its every energy into blooming at the one possible minute. "If the insect which depends upon me, and upon which I, in turn, depend, is to be wooed, and fed, and encouraged to marry my blooms, it must be now!"

The French call it a *lac*, their Italian colonists *laguna*, the Spaniards *marisma*. I think it is *schott* to the Arab. We have nothing like it now in Great Britain; the Bog of Allen comes nearest. The marsh I am thinking of covers fifty square miles and is ringed about by low, abrupt mountains. When these still wore their forest-robe of cedar and cypress one can imagine their elephant-herd descending for its nightly wallow; but the North African elephant, the beast which fought for Hannibal, became extinct in Roman times, and the lions were killed off sixty years ago. Being eighteen miles from anywhere the place is not overrun. Four times daily an empty train crawls to a moribund station and dawdles off into the distance. ("From nowhere unto nothing, O, make haste!") Slovenly tillage extends from the foot of the hills to the unfenced track; below the metals irreclaimable scrub begins, wild-olive, dwarf-palm, lentisk, myrtle, and white-thorn laced together with bramble and smilax. Where the ground begins to be soft underfoot the mud is printed with slot of cattle and game, bird and beast. There is a boat, surely the clumsiest ever built, but before we take it let us take stock of the place and its denizens. Upon the

pollarded eucalyptus at the station a stork is warming her eggs; her mate sedately paces the rushy margin near us in company with two bullocks and a score of small white Egrets. In the olive-trees beside the line a flock of Spanish Sparrows are discussing the nests they are going to build next week. A Little Owl mopes motionless upon the top of a telegraph-post, watched by a pair of black-and-white Woodchat Shrikes, themselves upon the pounce for beetles. Then from the upper sky descends a shower of chestnut, green, and lemon-yellow wings—a flight of Bee-eaters; more follow until the wires are sagging beneath packed ranks of lovely strangers just arrived from the Soudan and resting for an hour before attempting the Mediterranean.

In the water itself, or from the quag beneath it, grow sheets of floating weed and belts of tall rush and still taller reed, twelve to fourteen feet high and as thick as a finger. Between this covert and the shores are fleets of coot, Great Crested Grebe and duck of many sorts, Gadwall, Shoveller and Teal, and others unknown to us (White-headed? Ferrugineous? Marbled?) Among the reed-bed are thickets of willow, the habitations of six species of herons and bitterns. In the densest of the covert are many small birds, hard to see, harder to identify. One makes out the Great Reed Warbler, as large as a lark, with the attitudes and motions of our Reed-bird: its raucous, babbling, grating song is seldom silent. Here, too, is the Rufous Warbler, a bright ruddy-brown creature, flirting a broad fan-shaped tail, but otherwise with the confident bearing of our Robin. The morass is windless and close, the most unkind place in the world. Once committed to its narrow, tortuous water-lanes one is lost. The whole swamp teems with life, hums with gnats, bub-

bles with escapes of gas, quacks with frogs, clanks with the cries of large water-birds, and squeaks with the voices of small unseen creatures. Nor is the stealthy, persistent rustle of snakes absent. Something seems ever upon the point of showing, but never shows; something is always just ahead of us as we move. Here is primal nature, this has not changed. Beyond that mountain are the bones of a dead city. Rome supplanted Carthage; the Arab wrecked Roman civilization; France, in the fulness of time, tamed the Arab, but no man has tamed this marsh. You can do nothing with it; its steamy, feverish expanses of ooze, its thickets of worthless vegetation set us at naught. Hence it is just the place to spend a happy day, a paradise for a naturalist upon the prowl.

One can no more learn the secret of a marsh from a boat than one can take in a mountain at its foot; the boat sticks in a jungle, over the gunwale we go into knee-deep, tepid slush, which not seldom takes the wader to the middle. Above one's bent head, as one wrestles through green, resilient mats of reed, throngs of insect-eating birds are wheeling, Whiskered Tern, Swallows, Swifts. Large raptors abound; not less than three pairs of Marsh Harrier are upon the wing, beating low over the covert for frogs, stooping occasionally upon Coot, which dive and elude capture. A Bonelli's Eagle, the short-winged robber with white back, abnormally long legs and powerful talons, comes sweeping along-shore but never ventures over the water, above which a pair of the longer-pinioned Serpent Eagle, which the French call *Jean le Blanc*, are circling. That deep, earnest lowing, as of a bogged bullock, tells of a Bittern close at hand. The constant flitting to and fro of skeins of Stint, Redshank, Curlew, and Knot proclaim this a halting-place for shore-birds on pas-

sage; but, apart from the Coots, two species (?) and three forms of Grebe, there are residents engaged in breeding. One catches glimpses of a big, heavily-built bird like an overgrown Moorhen, clambering among the taller reeds, or flapping slowly across open water; its sealing-wax-colored bill, red legs, and violet-blue body make it as conspicuous as a parrot. This is the Purple Gallinule. Its nest amid the densest growth is domed with interlaced reed to protect the sitting bird from the pounce of an eagle. The eggs, stone-colored, splashed with chocolate and violet, make a handsome clutch. Could not this beautiful species be acclimatized in some English bird-sanctuary, say, along the Upper Thames? or Whittlesey? Why go on exterminating and never replacing?

A strenuous six hours spent in the heart of the morass impresses one with the extent of the business carried on there in which man has no share. Returning shoreward as the day wanes and rain is falling, one thrusts forth from the last belt of high reed into rush matted with cobweb, ruinous to clothing, and gets sight of the shore again, browsing cattle with small egrets dodging fearlessly among their legs, mirrored in a shallow with gulls afloat thereon. Then, from the unexplored middle marsh three great white birds sail in upon slow-moving wings and pitch among the gulls. They carry their necks at full-stretch when in flight, not tucked-in like a heron's, their beaks are long and black and spatulated at the tip—Spoonbills, a species which must be local in Algeria, for it has so far escaped Mr. Walter Rothschild. In the last patch of rush a pair of Bearded Tit oblige us with a view of the first of their kind recorded from Africa, and after leaving the water, we see in the last of the light a big spotted cat pace up from the brink to the thorn-thicket.

A Jackal would have bolted, but the Serval, a competent animal without nerves, times his departure to a nicety, slips into a spiny brake, small but sufficient, and declines to budge.

The bluff had looked bad from below, it looked worse from above. Not from the top, for there was none, the flank of the hog'sback broke away in steps and juts, crannies and scarps, steeper and ever steeper until sheer cliff fell into the forest a hundred feet or so beneath. The thin man, who is as a monkey among the branches of a tree, but entertains an exaggerated respect for rock, began nervously as to whether it was practicable. The fat man, who is no good at swarming, but can get about on a cliff, thought it was all right, but fancied they had overshot their marks, and didn't mind if he went down a little way and looked about. The thin man hoped he would be careful; hadn't he better rope-up? But the other was already descending by the primitive method of hitching himself down from one sitting place to the next below, and was presently out of sight among blocks of limestone, loose and fast, embedded in thorn-scrub. His last audible remark was to the effect that you can usually get eighteen inches lower than where you find yourself, and that the thin man might as well be getting out the ropes and piloting the Arabs a few feet lower. This proposition the natives refused to discuss. They, too, sate them down—to smoke.

The fat man went cautiously, for it is sinful to climb alone and unroped, but half-inch Manila is an encumbrance when it hangs you up in every bush, and kinks in every crevice, besides one drags at each remove a lengthening chain. The successive steps of the descent grew narrower, and each "riser" made a longer drop of it. Lentisk and Rock-rose gave out;

Prickly-pear made its appearance: the stone grew hotter, and the afternoon sun more trying: the men had been at this sort of thing for some hours, and to add to minor discomforts a queer, stale, menagerie-smell came up the cliff borne on rising wafts of heated air. Though reminiscent of shambles, and middens, and of ill-kept butchers' back-yards, this rumor had an inspiring effect upon the climber: he leaned far out between a couple of hoary, shabby old cactuses and beheld whitened ledges just beneath him, and below these the rounded tops of terebinths in the glen below, and recognized that it was here if anywhere, for he was nearing the last sheer plunge. While peering thus a long, woolly neck with an unprepossessing head at the end of it was thrust out of a fissure, and forth waddled a round-shouldered, drab bird, bigger than a Christmas turkey, a vulture, a Griffon, one of the largest birds that flies. From a second cleft projected a similar head, and the climber, growing used to the unusual perspective, saw that he was overlooking a row of nests of esparto-grass; mere mats the things were, discs, pads, unbuilt, unlined, but each contained either a downy chick or a single white egg of noble proportions. The impulse to attempt the business off-hand was strong, but, after all, what is the sense of bringing a hundred and sixty feet of rope from England and not using it? Moreover, that final "riser" was a nine-foot drop, and the step upon which it stopped, the absolutely final, was about eighteen inches wide at its best, and six at its worst. Wisdom suggested return to the thin comrade and the Arabs. This done, and securely roped, down he went again; hard work, and slow, and ineffectual, for when within thirty feet of the ledges the cord tightened finally; it had caught many times before, but now no jerking or

shouting could obtain more of it. Meantime those Griffons had taken alarm: a covey of vultures, huge birds, as big as swans and far wider of pinion, took wing silently, casting reproachful glances over their shoulders as they swept out and up, a sight which drew cries of wonder and delight from the stupid Arabs above. Twenty times did these great and reverend-looking creatures pass and re-pass beneath the eyes of the solitary cragsman. Their anxieties drew other birds into their orbits. A pair of Black Kites flickered and whinnied above them: they may have had young in some neighboring cleft, for the tail of a lizard stuck out beyond the bill of the mother-bird and wriggled as she flew. A Red Kite, handsomer, more agile, and with more deeply cleft tail, came to see and to protest in shriller tones. So did a couple of Ravens hoarsely, and a Peregrine imperatively. This last, being spitefully minded, was for knocking the kites about had they not avoided his stoops with graceful ease; one heard the clash of pen-feathers in contact overhead. As if these were insufficient, Egyptian Vultures, clean as cherubim, all ivory and jet, swung slowly in rings above the tangle of crossing, diving and crying birds, and grandly did these late-comers contrast now with the blue sky, and now with the smoke-gray of the wild-olive covert across the glen. But occasion pressed, and though the fat man was having the time of his life he felt that he must not be wasting that time. More rope was essential, which entailed arrangements at the base. To scale that rough crag with loops of cordage hindering every movement was not in the contract. Casting himself loose, he began the ascent with due precaution, when a great and bitter outcry broke forth from the Arabs overhead: "*Tombé! Tombé!*" they howled, and behold, the slack, wrig-

gling like the tail of a serpent, was whisked up past him as he climbed. A minute later, the thin man, concerned and red in the face, was seen coming down "for the remains," having roped and nerved himself to achieve what he regarded as impossible. This was friendship. "Wha' . . . what d'ye want?" panted the fat climber. "My dear fellow! what a turn you have given me, etc.," replied the other. Up go both to those *indigènes*, who are reassured and shamed into going down another hundred feet—quite simple—and making fast to another olive, then business is recommenced and carried to a successful issue. Those ledges were very unsavory. The callow nestlings curiously hard and heavy for their size. Mother-love overmastered fear in one of the Griffons; she came floating in, folded her vast pinions, and cherished her young in the climber's immediate presence; he has thought better of vultures ever since. The only two eggs within reach proved too large for the case provided for their reception, so up that cliff for the third time went the fat man, hot and weary, with a great warm bulk in each side-pocket of his jacket, shouted at meanwhile by the birds. "Pork! Pork!" said the Ravens. "Miew!" complained the Black Kites. "Hi . . . *leuu!-leuu!-leuu!*" shrilled the Red. "Chak! ak-ak!" barked the falcon. But the Griffons, the only injured parties, uttered no sounds, save one, which alit upon a ledge and brayed like a small donkey.

It was over; the boyish folly of it all! But, it comes to this—once in a year, or so, the man in us rebels against the encroachments of Time and breaks forth. Gray hairs shall not a prison make, nor stiffened limbs a cage. And it is something, as both Thin and Fat agreed, to have craned over the brink and seen the woods below through a driving storm of birds; to have noted close at hand, as one hung

over the gulf of air, the soft, drab dappings upon the back of the huge creature as he "Salled past nor beat his broad wing dragon-penned"; to have observed for one's very self twelve to fifteen pounds of bone and sinew upborne upon motionless planes as lightly as floating gossamer. How, ye mechanicians, tell us how! Your aeroplanes, wonderful though they be, are but rough sketches. Some essential secret of flight still eludes you. Upon what reserves of force does a vulture travel for half a mile against a fresh and variable breeze, without stroke of wing? and whilst so doing alter his altitude at will, rising swiftly to avoid the wrath of a stooping falcon, slinking when his assailant is past, and maintaining, save for this brief digression, the same pace? The feat is inexplicable by any known law of physics. The strangest theories are being tentatively broached to account for it by Dr. Hankinson, of the Indian Medical Service, after studying and recording with instruments the incomprehensible phenomena of soaring and gliding. It seems certain that both evolutions depend upon strong sunshine.

It may be that success depends upon some apparently trivial factor at present overlooked: a case for the re-examination of residuals. Here is one: the downstroke of the wing in flight has delicate and intimate movements of its own which the camera cannot follow, and which escape the best-trained eye, save at the closest of quarters, and under exceptionally favorable circumstances. As those great birds left their ledges in turn, each launched herself upon the air, struck once and then held the wings rigid. But movement had not ceased; each of the powerful pen-feathers (held widely apart) struck the air upon its own account with as definite an impulse as do the fingers of a pianist, the move-

ment being passed on from each in turn to the next in succession until the undulatory swell travelled along

The Nineteenth Century and After.

the secondaries to the body and ceased. What does this mean?

H. M. Wallis.

(Ashton Hilliers.)

THE WOMAN.

IV.

George strode down the hill, his heart thumping heavily at his ribs. . . . She had her back towards him.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he said in his best manner. But she didn't need to be rich now; there was that little house at Bedford Park.

She turned round.

It was Gertie Morrison!

Silly of him; of course, it wasn't Miss Morrison; but it was extraordinarily like her. Prettier, though.

"Why, Mr. Crosby!" she said.

It *was* Gertie Morrison.

"You!" he said angrily.

He was furious that such a trick should have been played upon him at this moment; furious to be reminded suddenly that he was George Crosby of Muswell Hill. Muswell Hill, the boarding-house—Good Lord! Gertie Morrison! Algy Traill's Gertie.

"Yes, it's me," she said, shrinking from him. She saw he was angry with her; she vaguely understood why.

Then George laughed. After all, she hadn't deliberately put herself in his way. She could hardly be expected to avoid the whole of England (outside Muswell Hill) until she knew exactly where George Crosby proposed to take his walk. What a child he was to be angry with her.

When he laughed, she laughed too—a little nervously.

"Let me help," he said. He scratched his fingers fearlessly on her behalf. What should he do afterwards? he wondered. His day was spoilt anyhow. He could hardly leave her.

"Oh, you've hurt yourself!" she said. She said it very sweetly, in a voice that only faintly reminded him of the Gertie of Muswell Hill.

"It's nothing," he answered, as he had answered five years ago.

They stood looking at each other. George was puzzled.

"You are Miss Morrison, aren't you?" he said. "Somehow you seem different."

"You're different from the Mr. Crosby I know."

"Am I? How?"

"It's dreadful to see you at the boarding-house." She looked at him timidly. "You don't mind my mentioning the boarding-house, do you?"

"Mind? Why should I?" (After all, he still had another week.)

"Well, you want to forget about it when you're on your holiday."

Fancy her knowing that.

"And are you on your holiday too?"

She gave a long deep sigh of content.

"Yes," she said.

He looked at her with more interest. There was color in her face; her eyes were bright; in her tweed skirt she looked more of a country girl than he would have expected.

"Let's sit down," he said. "I thought you always went to Mar—to Cliftonville for your holiday?"

"I always go to my aunt's there in the summer. It isn't really a holiday; it's more to help her; she has a boarding-house too. And it really is Cliftonville—only, of course, it's silly of mother to mind having it called Margate. Cliftonville's much worse than Margate really. I hate it."

("This can't be Gertie Morrison, thought George. It's a dream.)

"When did you come here?"

"I've been here about ten days. A girl friend of mine lives near here. She asked me suddenly just after you'd gone—I mean about a fortnight ago. Mother thought I wasn't looking well and ought to go. I've been before once or twice. I love it."

"And do you have to wander about the country by yourself? I mean, doesn't your friend—I say, I'm asking you an awful lot of questions. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. But, of course, I love to go about alone, particularly at this time of year. You understand that."

Of course he understood it. That was not the amazing thing. The amazing thing was that she understood it.

He took his sandwiches from his pocket.

"Let's have lunch," he said. "I'm afraid mine are only beef."

"Mine are worse," she smiled. "They're only mutton."

A sudden longing to tell her of his great adventure of five years ago came to George. (If you had suggested it to him in March!)

"It's rather funny," he said, as he untied his sandwiches—"I was down here five years ago——"

"I know," she said quietly.

George sat up suddenly and stared at her.

"It was you?" he cried.

"Yes."

"You. Good Lord! . . . But your name—you said your name was—wait a moment—that's it! Rosamund!"

"It is. Gertrude Rosamund. I call myself Rosamund in the country. I like to pretend I'm not the"—she twisted a piece of grass in her hands, and looked away from him over the hill—"the horrible girl of the boarding-house."

George got on to his knees and leant excitedly over her.

"Tell me, do you hate and loathe and detest Traill and the Fossetts and Ransom as much as I do?"

She hesitated.

"Mr. Ransom has a mother in Folkestone he's very good to. He's not really bad, you know."

"Sorry. Wash out Ransom. Traill and the Fossetts?"

"Yes. Oh yes. Oh yes, yes, yes." Her cheeks flamed as she cried it, and she clenched her hands.

George was on his knees already, and he had no hat to take off, but he was very humble.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "I think I've misjudged you. I mean," he stammered—"I mean, I don't mean—of course, it's none of my business to judge you—I'm speaking like a prig, I—oh, you know what I mean. I've been a brute to you. Will you forgive me?"

She held out her hand, and he shook it. This had struck him, when he had seen it on the stage, as an absurdly dramatic way of making friends, but it seemed quite natural now.

"Let's have lunch," she said.

They began to eat in great content.

"Same old sandwiches," smiled George. "I say, I suppose I needn't explain why I called myself Geoffrey Carfax." He blushed a little as he said the name. "I mean, you seem to understand."

She nodded. "You wanted to get away from George Crosby; I know."

And then he had a sudden horrible recollection.

"I say, you must have thought me a beast. I brought a terrific lunch out with me the next day, and then I went and lost the place. Did you wait for me?"

Gertie would have pretended she hadn't turned up herself, but Rosamund said, "Yes, I waited for you. I

thought perhaps you had lost the place."

"I say," said George, "what lots I've got to say to you. When did you recognize me again? Fancy my not knowing you."

"It was three years, and you'd shaved your moustache."

"So I had. But I could recognize people just as easily without it."

She laughed happily. It was the first joke she had heard him make since that day five years ago.

"Besides, we're both different in the country. I knew you as soon as I heard your voice just now. Never at all at Muswell Hill."

"By Jove!" said George, "just fancy." He grinned at her happily.

After lunch they wandered. It was a golden afternoon, the very afternoon they had had five years ago. Once when she was crossing a little stream in front of him, and her foot slipped on a stone, he called out "Take care, Rosamund," and thrilled at the words. She let them pass unnoticed; but later on when they crossed the stream again lower down, he took her hand and she said, "Thank you, Geoffrey."

They came to an inn for tea. How pretty she looked pouring out the tea for him—not for him, for them; the two of them. She and he! His thoughts became absurd. . . .

Towards the end of the meal something happened. She didn't know what it was, but it was this. He wanted more jam; she said he'd had enough. Well, then, he wasn't to have much, and she would help him herself.

He was delighted with her.

She helped him . . . and something in that action brought back swiftly and horridly the Gertie Morrison of Muswell Hill, the Gertie who sat next to Algy and helped him to cabbage. He finished his meal in silence.

She was miserable, not knowing what had happened.

He paid the bill and they went outside. In the open air she was Rosamund again, but Rosamund with a difference. He couldn't bear things like this. As soon as they were well away from the inn he stopped. They leant against a gate and looked down into the valley of the golden sun.

"Tell me," he said, "I want to know everything. Why are you—what you are, in London?"

And she told him. Her mother had not always kept a boarding-house. While her father was alive they were fairly well off; she lived a happy life in the country as a young girl. Then they came to London. She hated it, but it was necessary for her father's business. Then her father died, and left nothing.

"So did my father," said George under his breath.

She touched his hand in sympathy.

"I was afraid that was it. . . .

Well, mother tried keeping a boarding-house. She couldn't do it by herself. I had to help. That was just before I met you here. . . . Oh, if you could know how I hated it. The horrible people. It started with two boarders. Then there was one—because I smacked the other one's face. Mother said that wouldn't do. Well, of course, it wouldn't. I tried taking no notice of them. Well, that wouldn't do either. I had to put up with it; that was my life. . . . I used to pretend I was on the stage and playing the part of a landlady's vulgar daughter. You know what I mean; you often see it on the stage. That made it easier—it was really rather fun sometimes. I suppose I overplayed the part—made it more common than it need have been—it's easy to do that. By-and-by it began to come natural; perhaps I am like that really. We weren't anybody particular even when father was alive. Then you came—I saw you were different from the rest. I knew you

despised me—quite right too. But you really seemed to hate me, I never quite knew why. I hadn't done you any harm. It made me hate you too. . . . It made me want to be specially vulgar and common when you were there, just to show you I didn't mind what you thought about me. . . . You were so superior.

"I got away in the country sometimes. I just loved that. I think I was really living for it all the time. . . . I always called myself Rosamund in the country. . . . I hate men—why are they such beasts to us always?"

"They *are* beasts," said George, giving his sex away cheerfully. But he was not thinking of Traill and the Fossetts; he was thinking of himself. "It's very strange," he went on; "all the time I thought that the others were just what they seemed to be, and that I alone had a private life of my own which I hid from everybody. And all the time *you* . . . Perhaps Traill is really somebody else sometimes. Even Ransom has his secret—his mother. . . . What a horrible prig I've been."

"No, no! Oh, but you were!"

"And a coward. I never even tried. . . . I might have made things much easier for you."

"You're not a coward."

"Yes, I am. I've just funk'd life. It's too much for me, I've said, and I've crept into my shell and let it pass over my head. . . . And I'm still a coward. I can't face it by myself. Rosamund, will you marry me and help me to be braver?"

"No, no, no," she cried, and pushed him away and laid her head on her arms and wept.

Saved, George, saved! Now's your chance. You've been rash and impetuous, but she has refused you, and you can withdraw like a gentleman. Just say "I beg your pardon," and move to Finsbury Park next month . . .

and go on dreaming about the woman. Not a landlady's vulgar little daughter, but—

George, George, what are you doing?

He has taken the girl in his arms! He is kissing her eyes and her mouth and her wet cheeks! He is telling her . . .

I wash my hands of him.

V.

John Lobey, landlord of "The Dog and Duck," is on the track of a mystery. Something to do with they anarchists and such-like. The chief clue lies in the extraordinary fact that on three Sundays in succession Parson has called "George Crosby, bachelor, of this parish," when everybody knows that there isn't a Crosby in the parish, and that the gentleman from London, who stayed at his inn for three weeks and comes down Saturdays—for which purpose he leaves his bag and keeps on his room—this gentleman from London, I tell you, is Mr. Geoffrey Carfax. Leastways it was the name he gave.

John Lobey need not puzzle his head over it. Geoffrey Carfax is George Crosby, and he is to be married next Saturday at a neighboring village church, in which "Gertrude Rosamund Morrison, spinster, of this parish," has also been called three times. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby will then go up to London and break the news to Mrs. Morrison.

"Not until you are my wife," said George firmly, "do you go into that boarding-house again." He was afraid to see her there.

"You dear," said Rosamund; and she wrote to her mother that the weather was so beautiful, and she was getting so much stronger, and her friend so much wanted her to stay, that—and so on. It is easy to think of things like that when you are in love.

On the Sunday before the wedding George told her that he had practically

arranged about the little house in Bedford Park.

"And I'm getting on at the office ripingly. It's really quite interesting after all. I shall get another rise in no time."

"You dear," said Rosamund again. She pressed his hand tight and . . .
The Cornhill Magazine.

But really, you know, I think we might leave them now. They have both much to learn; they have many quarrels to go through, many bitter misunderstandings to break down; but they are alive at last. And so we may say good-bye.

A. A. Milne.

"NEW TASKS" FOR AMERICA.

"We are the champions of peace and concord, and should be very jealous of this distinction, just now particularly, because it is our dearest hope that this character and reputation will presently, in God's providence, bring an opportunity such as has seldom been vouchsafed to any nation—an opportunity to counsel and obtain peace in the world, with reconciliation and healing and the settlement of many matters that have cooled and interrupted the friendship of nations."—*President Wilson.*

It is with some measure of hope that we turn from the spectacle of material and moral havoc, which is the Europe of to-day, to the one great civilized nation which stands peaceful, strong, and helpful for the future. For though President Wilson's Message is primarily addressed to the Congress and the people of America, his firm and eloquent recognition of the new position and responsibilities of his country and of the "new tasks" which he assumes it is willing to undertake, warrants, even impels us, to look to America to take a chief and initiative part in the pacification and reconstruction of a warring and a broken world. There are some among us to whom such a thought and such a promise appear the statement of a merely obvious duty, and America, after all, a merely "unprofitable servant" of humanity, for assuming it. But this is to ignore the true courage demanded of American

statesmen to break away from the deepest and most settled principle of their past foreign policy, the total abstinence from intervention or participation in definitely European issues. It is, of course, true that within the last two decades the development of foreign trade, and armed adventures in the Pacific, have already broken down the narrower American conception of earlier times. Thoughtful Americans have long perceived that their country must in the future be prepared to take its full place as a member of the society of civilized nations. This feeling has not been primarily based either upon humanitarian sentiment of world-solidarity or upon the craving for world-power, but upon the recognition that the commercial and financial interests of America were already becoming so intimately intertwined with those of other nations as to make closer political relations inevitable. The shock imparted by the outbreak of this war to the trade and finance of the United States, the country furthest removed from the actual area of conflict, and the most self-reliant in its economic resources, has been an instructive lesson. It has proved that no barriers of ocean or of tariffs can avert the heavy suffering which war brings even to the most powerful and self-sufficient of neutral nations. The lesson is of double and of contrary import. On the one hand, it is an in-

centive to set up stronger instruments of commercial defence. Part of the immediate trouble for America is due to the fact that she possesses no considerable mercantile marine. This defect the Government proposes to remedy by a measure enabling it to purchase vessels for transference to its flag (presumably as a first stage towards a larger policy of shipbuilding), in order to secure effective transport over the great ocean-roads under Government-owned lines of vessels. This step in practicable Socialism would have aroused excited controversy at any other time. Now the most gigantic expansions of State functions are everywhere accepted as natural and inevitable. But no development of American shipping can do more than abate the injuries which a great war affecting Europe must inflict upon American finance and industry.

It is, therefore, not only the high sentiments of humanity which prompt the championship of peace and concord—and, we will add, of liberty, for America cannot leave that out of account—which Mr. Wilson claims for her. It is a clear recognition of the new interests and the new risks which have come to America from her closer intercourse with other nations. It is better for Europeans to perceive and emphasize this note of enlightened national self-interest in the new American attitude than to overstress, as there is some tendency to do, the lofty disinterestedness and cosmopolitan philanthropy which also abounds, and which has even in the past impelled Americans to take a lead in the promotion of the cause of peace and international goodwill at The Hague. President Wilson is personally a powerful advocate of peace. So was his predecessor, and this is also true of their Foreign Secretaries. They earnestly desire, and they know their people do not less earnestly

desire, to abstain from entering the competition in armaments and the material and moral risks which this policy engenders. It is this conviction and this sentiment that underlie alike the fixed determination to adhere to the forms and the spirit of neutrality during this conflict, and to engage actively in the work of settlement as soon as any favorable opportunity occurs. There we expect her to stop. We know where powerful American sympathies lie, and we think we know where they ought to and must lie. But a great neutral State, based on a talking democracy, has its own measure of its duty, and must necessarily observe it in its official language and declarations. Mr. Wilson has been claimed as a pro-German and a pro-Britisher, but we expect him to give no public hint to encourage either view. Any other line must produce the opposite effect upon American public opinion from that intended. Not less important, not only for America but for the warring world, is Mr. Wilson's resistance to the pressure for conscription which is being renewed in America, as here, by those who have lost all faith in the moral nature of man. Mr. Wilson's declaration that "we shall not turn America into an armed camp," and his adhesion to the voluntary system for defence, are guarantees of disinterestedness essential to the task of mediation which lies before him. What would be the use of America posing as "the champion of peace and concord," seeking to bring the belligerents of Europe to a better mind, and to prevent that most disastrous of all settlements, a return to "the armed peace," if she had just advertised her own disbelief by herself adopting conscription and entering on the race for armaments?

America's first full open entrance into European politics in the capacity of peacemaker would be the assumption of a great historic rôle, as glorious for

the people of America as it would be beneficial for the peoples of Europe. The assumption, and still more the successful performance, of so difficult a task would have the further virtue that it would make a profound appeal to the emotions and the imagination of the people of the United States. It would confirm them in their determination to labor for the building of an international habitation in which a new-comer may dwell in peace and goodwill

The Nation.

among his fellows, co-operating with them, not only for the gains of free commercial intercourse, but for the better government of mankind, and the equal self-development of nations. For the one certain issue of this war is that America will emerge relatively far stronger than before, not only in material and financial resources, but in the part she will be able, and we hope consent, to take in the common counsels of the nations.

THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK.

There is much in relation to the war which "no fellow can understand," but at least there is one large, illuminating fact in relation to Great Britain and the war which no fellow can misunderstand. One fact which all Germans have by now perceived too clearly; all Frenchmen, all Russians, all Japanese, all British, and indeed all the people in the world. It is this: that the British Government last August was forced into war when it was not in military preparations ready; or perhaps, in order that we may net into our expression "all the people in the world" such folk as Mr. Angell, Mr. Morel, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, we had better say that the British Government last August declared war when it was not in military preparations ready.

In other words, the Government went to war without having trained or enlisted an army one-tenth—or, it may turn out, one-twentieth—large enough for its purposes; and is now busily engaged in creating the indispensable army. This proposition appears as indisputable as, say, the proposition that two and two make four, or that three from six remain three; and yet, singular to relate, if you put it to many an earnest Liberal journalist or Liberal politician just now, he would fire up

and take it for an insult! Another proposition only less certain—if less certain—than this is that by hundreds of signs for years past Germany showed to our statesmen she meant to strike directly she was ready, and our statesmen closed ears and eyes and minds to these extremely distressing and obvious signs. Now let us turn to the French Yellow Book which the "Times" has translated and published¹ and try to learn through it whether France, like England, also was vouchsafed signs of Germany's policy, and whether she too stuck her head into the sand and refused to perceive Germany.

France did not, like Britain, attempt the impossible task of coming to an amicable agreement with Berlin in 1912; and consequently she received no snub, such as Britain got when the only answer to fair messages and certain British Ministers' talk of a naval holiday was a cool demand from Germany for a free hand in Europe. That demand should have opened the British Government's eyes—we yet await the official documents, half promised for publication, of these curious dealings; but France, without such warnings, was not to be deceived. After

¹ "The French Yellow Book," published by the "Times," 2s. net.

reading and weighing carefully every word here published from her Embassy in Berlin, we are bound to say that the Republic has been very ably and efficiently and courageously represented in Germany.

It is not an easy thing for men of one country to get inside, so to speak, the psychology and temperament of another country, particularly when, as in the case of France and Germany, the two are notoriously antipathetic. Yet the French Ambassador in Berlin succeeded, as the masterly analysis in this Yellow Book of the causes making for war proves, in understanding the real trend of things in Germany far better than our Ministers who were offering a naval holiday or a revision of boundaries in East Africa to a Government—and a people—absolutely bent and determined on war. For all his knowledge of the German character, Lord Haldane appears to have been a little out of date in 1912 when he visited Berlin with the desire of clearing up misunderstandings between Germany and Britain; M. Jules Cambon knew his Teuton better.

It appears from these despatches that on 22 November of 1913 the French Ambassador warned his Government that the German Emperor had ceased to be a partisan of peace. "William II. has been brought to think that war with France is inevitable, and that it will have to come to it one day or the other. . . . He appeared overwrought and irritable. As the years begin to weigh upon him, the family traditions, the retrograde feelings of the court, and above all the impatience of soldiers, are gaining more ascendancy over his mind. More than once have I seen him allow his innermost thoughts to escape."

The change in the Emperor had begun, to all appearance, after the diplomatic defeat of Germany at Agadir in 1911. The popular outbreak of resent-

ment in Germany against this latest unsuccessful coup of aggressive German diplomacy, following similar failures in Morocco in previous years, had its effect. The German people began to declare that what they could not get by aggressive diplomacy they must get by aggressive war; and when the increase in the French Army showed that France could not be crushed otherwise than by war, then war it had to be. "The Emperor, it need hardly be said," remarks the despatch quoted above, "believes in the crushing superiority of the German army and its assured success."

The popular feeling clearly turned to war as a solution, and things came to such a pass that in time it believed war the only solution. The most illuminating phrase in all this correspondence is one in which the whole mental attitude of Germany is summed up in a single sentence. The Germans "feel themselves humiliated at having to discuss matters with the French, to speak of right and reason in negotiations or conferences where they have not always easily prevailed, where they have the more decisive force on their side." In other words, the sixty-six millions of Germany assumed a natural right-of-way over the forty-four millions of France; it was beneath the dignity of the bigger fellow to discuss right with his neighbor when might would settle the matter once for all. That is essentially the German case against France. It has not been officially stated in the German justification, which talks of the Slav peril and alleges pretexts of French aviators flying over German soil, but the real German case for the war is this: "We were beaten in diplomacy by a weaker Power. Therefore we must beat that weaker Power in war, the only means that remains. We must hack our way through to Paris."

Frankly, we should have preferred

the honest and avowed brutality of such a declaration to the quibbles, at once stupid and unconvincing, by which Germany attempted to put herself right with public opinion. Here, for instance, is the German attitude towards the invasion of Belgium, as revealed in a secret document of 1913: "The plans made in this direction (in Belgium) allow of the hope that the offensive might be taken immediately the concentration of the army of the lower Rhine is completed. An ultimatum with brief delay, followed immediately by invasion, would enable us to justify our action sufficiently from the point of view of international law." Note the word "sufficiently," as the utmost that the "necessities" of the case would allow to be done to conciliate public opinion; note, too, that "the plans made in this direction" means the construction of strategic railways on the Belgian frontier in 1910 to allow of the concentration of the army of the lower Rhine; and note, finally, that the genuineness of this document is proved by the fact that its secret plans have been carried out in every detail.

There are other points in these despatches which show that Germany was set on war. The Army Law of 1913, for example, necessitated very considerable expenditure; yet "nothing was said with regard to meeting the permanent expenditure arising," and the immediate cost was met by a tax on capital. "If we take note of the fact that the genuineness of this document deavoring to prevent this enormous tax from being paid in several instalments, and if, as is stated by some newspapers, the entire payment must be made *before 1 July, 1914*, we get a formidable hint, for nothing can explain such haste on the part of the military authorities to have a liquid war treasure of one milliard in their chest." The expenditure, in fact, was to be tempo-

rory, the last preparation for the war already planned for 1914; and those who paid it were reconciled by the doctrine of necessity—and the certainty, as they thought, of victory and indemnity from the conquered Powers. Belgium was to be permanently occupied if she resisted; the French colonies annexed and—to quote again the secret German document above—when "the aroused eagle takes its flight and, seizing the enemy in its sharpened claws, renders him harmless, we shall then remember that the provinces of the old German Empire, the county of Burgundy and a large portion of Lorraine, are still in the hands of the Franks, that thousands of our German brothers of the Baltic Provinces groan under the yoke of the Slav." Had Germany seized these provinces east and west, the "final settlement with France" which the new German diplomacy postulates would, indeed, have ruined France and given Germany the hegemony of Europe.

Such was the German plan, firmly held and prepared for execution at the very time when our pacifists at home were declaring that Germany had no aggressive intentions, that an agreement could be made with her for perpetual friendship if only Britain would give up the "barbarous" capture of enemy shipping at sea. It was at this time that one Minister was apologizing to Germany for Lord Roberts's declaration that she would strike when it suited her purpose and that another Minister was assuring us of an improvement in the relations of the two countries. Were these people really blind, or was the British Government less well served by its Embassy in Berlin than the French Government? The publication of further British diplomatic papers would solve that question; but in any event, in the inconceivable hypothesis that the British Government knew nothing of these

things in Berlin of its own knowledge and was not warned of the reality by the French Government, it had had its warning in 1912. It knew that a Con-

The Saturday Review.

tinental war was inevitable. It knew that we should be dragged in. But it did not make the necessary preparations.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AIRCRAFT IN WAR.

It was a belief held by many soldiers, and also by many students of aeronautics, that in any great war between European Powers aircraft would be used freely at the beginning of the conflict, and would probably come into operation before any other arm, but that they would early disappear from the field, at any rate as regards one side. It was thought that one side would speedily gain "command of the air," a term the inapplicability of which to any conceivable possibility with aircraft of the present day has been pointed out in *The Outlook*. These beliefs have already been dispelled by the operations now proceeding. So far from aircraft disappearing from the conflict, they are being increasingly used, and all the indications point to a steady enlargement of the "Fifth Arm" of the principal belligerents within the next six months, losses of men and matériel not only being made good, but reinforcements increasing the relative number of aircraft employed to the strength of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The aeroplane and aero-motor works of Great Britain, France, and Germany are working at high pressure, and the training of pilots is proceeding vigorously. Both sides are resolved not to be weak in the air. And it is highly probable that, ere the war is brought to a finish, aeroplane design will have been modified, if for no other reason than that fighting in the air has become a necessity—a necessity that was not anticipated save in the vaguest way by any of the authorities, so that when the war broke out only a very

few British and French machines, and still fewer of the German craft, belonged to the fighting class. Hitherto most of the fighting in the air has been between aviators armed either with revolver or rifle, but the first-named is most unsatisfactory, and the latter is not really capable of being used effectively on many machines. Already there is a demand for the aeroplane designed to give either a rifleman or a machine-gunner a fairly extensive fire field.

In his despatch of September 14 Sir John French remarks upon the "personal ascendancy" of our aviators over those of the enemy, and he says that "something in the direction of the mastery of the air has already been gained." Our aviators on sighting enemy aircraft instantly fly to the attack, and the measure of success they have won is the fruit of their superior skill as airmen, which is due to training in more difficult country and in more trying weather than the Continental airman trains in, and also to the fact that with few exceptions they are professional soldiers before they become flyers. Further, they have a few machines that are faster than any possessed by the Germans. For the rest it cannot be said that, generally speaking, either side has any marked superiority in craft, and both German and British equipment and transport are excellent. "Mastery of the air" is of course not the same thing as that implied by the abused phrase "command of the air": it does not mean the disappearance from the conflict of enemy aircraft, but merely that where the

two sides engage the enemy gets the worst of it. Enemy aircraft will nevertheless continue to do good work for their side.

There is already abundant evidence of the invaluable work performed by aircraft in reconnaissance, bomb-dropping, artillery fire-direction, and actually in machine-gun fire at terrestrial troops, and there is no occasion here to dwell upon facts already familiar to the public. In spite of anti-aircraft guns and rifle-fire, aerial scouts carry on their work. Where the fire becomes hot they are compelled to ascend to altitudes from which accurate observation is difficult, if not impossible; but on occasion they remain under fire, taking the risk of being hit in order to secure important information. There have been a few casualties, and in many cases machines have been struck, but have been able to return with unimpaired efficiency to headquarters. The evidence shows that more anti-aircraft guns are now being used than at the beginning of the war, and this appears to indicate that airmen will find their work more and more hampered; but it is only fair to assume that their own skill and experience will meanwhile be increasing. Another thing in their favor will be the increasing use of armored aeroplanes, the necessity for which is fully realized by the French and also by ourselves. One of our flying officers writes almost contemptuously of German anti-aircraft guns.

And it is astonishing to what a low altitude an aeroplane may on occasion descend with safety. In the raid on Düsseldorf Lieut. C. H. Collett came down to within four hundred feet in order to drop bombs on the Zeppelin shed. The misty weather that prevailed prevented him seeing clearly at any greater height; but he was seen by the enemy, and his machine was struck. According to War Office

manœuvre orders, aircraft are ~~not~~ to descend lower than three thousand feet when exposed to rifle-fire, and a thousand feet must be added when they are under artillery fire. The war has proved that artillery fire may be effective at a range of six thousand feet; but it has also proved that airmen may descend to much lower altitudes, and have a fair chance of escape, when the occasion warrants the taking of risks.

The work of the Royal Flying Corps, and also that of the Royal Naval Air Service—of which we are now only beginning to hear—has so far been carried on with comparatively few casualties. Nevertheless it is very hazardous work; perhaps the accidents that occur in time of peace may have quickened our anticipations of what would occur in a campaign. It is however necessary to remember that the casualties, although they probably will be frequent, do not occur in mass to a body of which the individuals set to work singly or in pairs: the R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. are not exposed to hot work in the trenches, which too often results in a battalion losing a quarter, or even more, of its strength in an hour.

To replace the casualties at the Front a steady stream of new flyers must be provided, and it would be well if all of these could be drawn from the ranks of the Navy or the Army. Unfortunately every available man of the officer class is required for Lord Kitchener's new armies, and not a man of this value can be spared for flying. Nevertheless a number of officers are learning to fly. But no doubt the authorities have already realized how very desirable it is to draw recruits from the civilian element. There are a large number of civilian flyers who could in a short time be trained for work in the field, and they could take officers up to reconnoitre when necessary. Very few of these civilians have

so far been accepted; but no doubt, as the organization grows, more will be taken.

The remark at the beginning of this article concerning the renewal of lost aircraft during the war must not be taken as applying to airships, which take longer to build and require relatively more personnel than aeroplanes. Many wild rumors are abroad as to Germany's secretly prepared fleet of Zeppelin airships. It is sufficient to point out that Zeppelin airships are not built in a day, nor are they easily hidden when built. No doubt airships have been built in duplicate, so that when one is destroyed already existing component parts can expeditiously be assembled; but that would merely mean maintaining the existing airship strength. It is however almost certain that Germany possessed four or five more Zeppelins than was commonly supposed, and that her chief difficulty has been the provision of experienced navigators and crews for them. The statement that she possesses about fifty

The Outlook.

small Zeppelins, each about three hundred feet in length, is preposterous. Zeppelin airships, which of course are of the rigid type, if made to a size giving a length of much less than four hundred and twenty feet, would not possess sufficient margin of lifting power to carry engines that would give a speed of more than twenty miles per hour; they would be capable of no great duration of voyage, and would have scarcely any margin for ammunition carrying.

It is certain that Germany has not yet employed her airships to the full extent of her intentions, and the authorities expect ere long to hear of their co-operation in an attack on our Fleet, and are also ready for a demonstration over England. It is not to be assumed that the small bombs hitherto employed by Germany's airships represent their full power; these huge craft are capable of dropping missiles weighing a quarter of a ton, and of these missiles the later Zeppelins carry a magazine of five or six.

Charles C. Turner.

A QUESTION OF LIGHT.

As soon as Celia had got a cheque-book of her own (and I had explained the mysteries of "— & Co." to her), she looked round for a safe investment of her balance, which amounted to several pounds. My offers, first of an old stocking and afterwards of mines, mortgages and aerated breads, were rejected at once.

"I'll leave a little in the bank in case of accidents," she said, "and the rest must go somewhere absolutely safe and earn me five per cent. Otherwise they shan't have it."

We did what we could for her; we offered the money to archdeacons and other men of pronounced probity; and finally we invested it in the Blank-

town Electric Light Company. Blanktown is not its real name, of course; but I do not like to let out any information which may be of value to Celia's enemies—the wicked ones who are trying to snatch her little fortune from her. The world, we feel, is a dangerous place for a young woman with money.

"Can't I *possibly* lose it now?" she asked.

"Only in two ways," I said. "Blanktown might disappear in the night, or the inhabitants might give up using electric light."

It seemed safe enough. At the same time we watched the newspapers anxiously for details of the latest inven-

tions; and anybody who happened to mention when dining with us that he was experimenting with a new and powerful illuminant was handed his hat at once.

You have Blanktown, then, as the depository of Celia's fortune. Now it comes on the scene in another guise. I made the announcement with some pride at breakfast yesterday.

"My dear," I said, "I have been asked to deliver a lecture."

"What ever on?" asked Celia.

"Anything I like. The last person lectured on 'The Minor Satellites of Jupiter,' and the one who comes after me is doing 'The Architecture of the Byzantine Period,' so I can take something in between."

"Like 'Frostbites,'" said Celia helpfully. "But I don't quite understand. Where is it, and why?"

"The Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society ask me to lecture to them at Blanktown. The man who was coming is ill."

"But why *you* particularly?"

"One comes down to me in the end," I said modestly.

"I expect it's because of my electric lights. Do they give you any money for it?"

"They ask me to name my fee."

"Then say a thousand pounds, and lecture on the need for more electric light. Fancy if I got six per cent!"

"This is a very sordid conversation," I said. "If I agree to lecture at all, it will be simply because I feel that I have a message to deliver . . . I will now retire into the library and consider what that message is to be."

I placed the *Encyclopædia* handy and sat down at my desk. I had already grasped the fact that the title of my discourse was the important thing. In the list of the Society's lectures sent to me there was hardly one whose title did not impress the imagination in ad-

vance. I must be equally impressive . . .

After a little thought I began to write.

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

"*Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th.*"

"Ladies and Gentlemen——"

"Well," said Celia, drifting in, "how's it going?"

I showed her how far I had got.

"I thought you always began, 'My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,'" she said.

"Only if the Lord Mayor's there."

"But how will you know?"

"Yes, that's rather awkward. I shall have to ask the Secretary beforehand."

I began again.

"WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

"*Lecture delivered, etc. . . .*"

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen——"

It looked much better.

"What about Baronets?" said Celia.

"There's sure to be lots."

"Yes, this is going to be difficult. I shall have to have a long talk with the Secretary . . . How's this?—'My Lord Mayor, Lords, Baronets, Ladies and Gentlemen and Sundries.' That's got in everybody."

"That's all right. And I wanted to ask you: Have you got any lantern slides?"

"They're not necessary."

"But they're much more fun. Perhaps they'll have some old ones of Vesuvius you can work in. Well, good-bye." And she drifted out.

I went on thinking.

"No," I said to myself, "I'm on the wrong tack." So I began again:—

"SOME YORKSHIRE POT-HOLES."

"*Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th.*"

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords——"

"I don't want to interrupt," said Celia coming in suddenly, "but—oh, what's a pot-hole?"

"A curious underground cavern sometimes found in the North."

"Aren't caverns always underground? But you're busy. Will you be in for lunch?"

"I shall be writing my lecture all day," I said busily.

At lunch I decided to have a little financial talk with Celia.

"What I feel is this," I said. "At most I can ask ten guineas for my lecture. Now my expenses all the way to the North, with a night at an hotel, will be at least five pounds."

"Five-pounds-ten profit," said Celia. "Not bad."

"Ah, but wait. I have never spoken in public before. In an immense hall, whose acoustics——"

"Who are they?"

"Well, never mind. What I mean is that I shall want some elocution lessons. Say five, at a guinea each."

"That still leaves five shillings."

"If only it left that, it might be worth it. But there's the new white waistcoat. An audience soon gets tired of a lecture, and then there's nothing for the wakeful ones to concentrate on but the white waistcoat of the lecturer. It must be of a virgin whiteness. Say thirty-five shillings. So I lose thirty shillings by it. Can I afford so much?"

"But you gain the acoustics and the waistcoat."

"True. Of course, if you insist——"

"Oh, you *must*," said Celia.

So I returned to the library. By tea-time I had got as far as this:—

"ADVENTURES WITH A CAMERA IN
SOMALILAND.

"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philo——"

And then I had an idea. This time a brilliant one.

Punch.

"Celia," I said at tea, "I have been wondering whether I ought to take advantage of your generosity."

"What generosity?"

"In letting me deliver this lecture."

"It isn't generosity, it's swank. I want to be able to tell everybody."

"Ah, but the sacrifices you are making."

"Am I?" said Celia, with interest.

"Of course you are. Consider. I ask a fee of ten guineas. They cannot possibly charge more than a shilling a head to listen to me. It would be robbery. So that if there is to be a profit at all, as presumably they anticipate, I shall have a gate of at least two hundred and fifty."

"I should *hope* so."

"Two hundred and fifty. And what does that mean? It means that at seven-thirty o'clock on the night of December the 8th two hundred and fifty residents of Blanktown will *turn out the electric lights in their drawing-rooms . . . PERHAPS EVEN IN THEIR HALLS . . .* and proceed to the lecture-room. True, the lecture-room will be lit up—a small compensation—but not for long. When the slides of Vesuvius are thrown upon the screen——"

Celia was going pale.

"But if it's not you," she faltered, "it will be somebody else."

"No; if I refuse, it will be too late then to get a substitute. Besides they must have tried everybody else before they got down to me . . . Celia, already the Zeppelin scare has shaken your stock severely; this will be the final blow. It is noble of you to sacrifice——"

"Don't go!" she cried in anguish.

I gave a deep sigh.

"For your sake," I said, "I won't."

So that settles it. If my lecture on "First Principles in Homeopathy" is ever to be delivered, it must be delivered elsewhere.

A. A. M.

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."

They stood at the corner of the High Street, Mrs. Carter with a baby in one of those little chairs on wheels, Mrs. Hardman holding her two months' old infant tightly to her expansive bosom.

"She come to my 'ouse only this morning, and she says to me, 'I seem to 'a seen your face before,' she says. 'Ave you?' I says. 'Some faces do make a bit of an impression like, don't they?' I says, and I knew her at once for that old interfering piece o' goods who used to come down distric' visiting in Bridges Lane when I lived there."

Mrs. Carter nodded sympathetically, and Mrs. Hardman, having got her breath again, went on.

"She says to me, 'I 'ear as 'ow you've appled for relief at the Town 'All. I suppose you ain't 'ad no washing since the war?' 'No,' I says, 'me neighbors go dirty now, it's a bit warmer like.' She ups with her nose at that, and then she says, 'That's all you 'ave to support you, I suppose, except your separation allowance,' she says, and I says to 'er, 'I 'aven't 'ad no allowance not for ever so long, my ole man not bein' in work, not what you'd call work except for 'alf a day now and again.' She looks at me 'ard at that, and I felt a bit worried, for I'd clean forgot she knew as 'ow we'd 'ad a separation, and I thought that might go agin me. You know 'ow they are, Mrs. Carter, one 'as to be that sharp."

"A lady come to my 'ouse and give me 'alf a crown," began Mrs. Carter, but she was not allowed to go on, Mrs. Hardman having got her breath again.

"Oh, don't you mistake me, Mrs. Carter; there is ladies going about, perfect ladies. I 'ad two last week, one from the schools about my Annie, and one from Lord knows where, and the sanitary lady come this week about

this little nipper being weighed. Yours looks a bit parky in that push cart. 'Is nose is like a bit o' beetroot. I 'ate them push carts. I always carries mine. Seems as 'ow you can cuddle 'em up close and warm. I never let mine go in them dam' things."

"You was separated, was you?" Mrs. Carter asked, getting a minute smile from her baby by pinching his pink nose.

"Yes. My ole man 'ad a drop o' tea in 'im one night, and we 'ad a row. You know 'ow it is. It all flares up in a minute like a drop o' oil on a dead fire."

"Did ye get anything from the Town 'All?"

"Dunno yet. O' course, ~~she~~ don't know what you and me know about the ole man. But 'e only 'ad twelve shillings last week, straight 'e did. I shouldn't mind only there's this little 'un, and I'm feared if they knew they'd knock off me bit o' money or tickets, and I can allus get them tickets changed round the corner."

"It's that parkish at this corner, I'm goin'," Mrs. Carter said, losing interest in the recital. "We 'aven't come to the Town 'All yet, and please the Lord we won't. Me 'usband brought 'ome twenty bob last week, but 'e seems to 'ave luck. Always did."

"Some 'as," Mrs. Hardman remarked.

"Got a bit o' dinner on ye?" queried Mrs. Carter.

"Got me bit o' cabbage. I'd a liked one o' them Oste'd rabbits, but they was too dear."

"'Ere's a tanner. Get yourself a bit o' something as'll warm ye."

Mrs. Carter drifted off.

The three ladies sat round the baize-covered table, talking. "Why don't

they tell us the *truth*?" Miss Hattersley wanted to know.

"A good cadger never tells the truth," said Miss Welldon, who represented the Board of Guardians on the Women's Sub-Committee. "Listen to their tale, and then give 'em half the recognized scale, that's my theory, and I've found it works very well on the Board."

"I feel sure Mrs. Hardman is getting money from the Church, though she doesn't say so," said Mrs. Coleham.

"It's most unfortunate having that new vicar at this crisis. He doesn't *know* the East End as we do. He can't understand the people in the same way, and the result is he simply believes what they say. They're as clever at getting money as a stock-broker. I've lived here for eighteen years, and I know what I'm talking about."

"It's almost funny, isn't it? I mean in a sort of a way, of course, when you think of it—us all trying to give as little as we can, and *they*, the poor I mean, trying to get as much as they can," ventured Miss Hattersley, but added hastily, "Of course, if only they'd be *open* about it——"

Miss Welldon looked at her suspiciously and wished that she had not made that remark about the vicar. She had forgotten that Miss Hattersley was a Nonconformist. Churchpeople ought to stick together now they had all sorts of denominations represented on the committee.

"I visited Mrs. Hardman last week in connection with the Care Committee," Mrs. Coleham said, consulting a shiny black note-book, "and found her in a very miserable state. There was a mass of dirty crockery about, nothing washed up, but the children looked blue with cold, and I personally think the vicar was very well advised, if he did——"

"Hardman!" cried Miss Welldon,

"Yes, that *was* the name, I feel sure. They're unsatisfactory. I can't get at the bottom of them. I've known them for a long time, too. When I visited yesterday I remembered the woman's face, though I'd lost sight of her for some time. She used to live in Bridges Lane, and she said her husband drank, I think, or something."

"She couldn't help that," said Mrs. Coleham.

"No, perhaps not, though you never really know. But the difficulty is I rather suspect they aren't separated any more."

"Oh," said Mrs. Coleham.

"Do you *know*?" asked Miss Hattersley.

There was a pause.

"After all——" began Mrs. Coleham.

"I suspect she's getting an allowance," began Miss Welldon.

"And a husband?" queried Mrs. Coleham.

"If she's living with him again he may be giving her money, part of his wages. She shouldn't have those food tickets. She said she was separated when I tackled her yesterday."

"Why in the world don't they tell us the truth?" Miss Hattersley wanted to know again.

"After all, it's not immoral to live with one's husband," Mrs. Coleham murmured, whereat Miss Welldon frowned, suspecting levity.

"The point is, are they separated, and if not, why not?" she said. "I think the case is very unsatisfactory. How can you help if you don't know the facts, that's what I want to know. If she's living with her husband again, she doesn't want relief, but if she's been separated she shouldn't be living with him again. I believe it's only a dodge to get his money and ours somehow."

"The point seems to be, is the Hardman family in want?" said Mrs. Coleham.

"The point is, does she tell the truth?" said Miss Hattersley.

"They're my case," said Miss Well-don firmly. "I shall re-visit."

Mrs. Carter, turning over some portions of steak on a stall in the High Street, had her elbow clutched by Mrs. Hardman.

"That's a juicy bit, Mrs. Carter, just you take that, and come along o' me."

"'Ere y'are, Ma, the 'ole lot for a tanner," said the man in charge of the stall.

The meat was bought, squeezed into an already overworked string bag, and the two ladies pushed their way through the throng of shoppers together.

"She's been again," said Mrs. Hardman.

"Who?"

"That there ole gal I told you about. But it ain't no go this time."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Seems as 'ow nothing ain't no good," continued Mrs. Hardman, suddenly thoughtful; "you 'as to slave to death nearly to get a pennorth o' groceries. When we was separated, me and the ole man, she didn't like it, and said as 'ow 'usband and wife ought to stick together for better for worse, and 'ow separation led to goodness knows what, and I did think as p'raps the ole man 'ad gone after a girl, I did. But he 'adn't. Seems as 'ow 'e missed me like. But she come

The New Statesman.

round to-day, asking questions. I could see what she was after. It was 'is bit o' wages. But I put 'er off. She was just a-going, when who should come round the corner but the ole man. 'E only 'as a day now and again like, as you very well know, and it was 'is off time. I knoo I was done. She remembered 'im. She stared after 'im as she went down the street, I could see that, and I give 'im a bit o' what for for turning up just then, I can tell ye. But I shan't see the color o' them tickets now, you bet yer life."

"Why don't ye move?" asked Mrs. Carter, on an inspiration. "Get into Bradley Street and come up afore the ward committee there, or whatever they call it. That noo parson's on that. I seen 'im. 'E ain't been 'ere more'n a month. 'E won't know 'bout you being with yer 'usband again."

"That ole body 'ud tell 'im."

"P'raps 'e don't know 'er. P'raps 'e don't like 'er any more'n you do."

"I never thought o' that," Mrs. Hardman said slowly, "p'raps 'e don't."

"Some on 'em's very kind ladies and gentlemen," Mrs. Carter asserted, "very good of 'em to come down 'ere, I'm sure."

"Bit too good," sniffed Mrs. Hardman, "I don't suppose I'll get them tickets, nor see the mark o' the mint neither."

"You got a 'usband instead," Mrs. Carter said encouragingly, as they prepared to cross the road.

Theodosia Lloyd.

MATHERS ARRANGES IT.

We were tired of bridge, and, as the hour was only eleven, Mathers poked the fire, lighted another cigar, and returned to the old familiar theme. Thompson, knowing what was to come, pleaded a headache and went to bed; but I have not won my immense house-

party connection for nothing. I stopped to listen to my host; and so did Smythe; and so did Isaacs; and so, of course, did Mrs. Mathers and her delightful daughter, Jenny.

"So far as I can see," began Mathers, "the only difficulty is Egypt. I was

thinking about it last night, and, in a flash, I got it. It's a rum thing, but the ideas that come to me between two-thirty and three-thirty A.M. are always the best. That's why I have that little electric lamp by me—so as not to miss them."

"You said that the thoughts you get then, never look so well when you read them in the morning, father," said Jenny.

"Only the poetry," he answered. "I grant that certain war poems I have dashed down at that hour read coldly when I returned to them by daylight. But with politics it is different. I go to sleep at half-past twelve and invariably wake at half-past two; and know from experience that if I turn my mind on to any subject then I am likely to see light. Now, let's run over what we said last night. Leave the indemnity for the moment. First, Belgium."

We looked at each other and concealed sighs.

"You've all forgotten," said Mathers. He was wounded.

"I haven't," I assured him. "Belgium was to have German East Africa."

"German West Africa, my dear fellow."

"Will it become a protectorate of Belgium, or her absolute property?" asked Smythe.

"Her absolute property; and German East Africa is absorbed by Portugal. That's why she came in, 'I want it,' said Portugal, 'and now is the accepted time.' So she's gone to get it."

"What will become of all the Germans in Africa then?" asked Jenny.

"Don't ask silly questions," replied her parent. "Little girls should be seen and not heard. That disposes of Portugal and Belgium. Portugal, of course, gets no indemnity. Belgium naturally does. As for the other German possessions in Africa, they accrue

to us. We wanted that bit in the middle for our Cape to Cairo Railway; now we secure it. This brings me to Egypt. Our attitude in Egypt has been marvellously correct, and we have always recognized that she was Turkey's vassal."

"If you push that now it becomes absurd," I ventured to say. "If Egypt is Turkey's vassal, and we are only there to keep order, how can we deny Turkey access to Egypt?"

"Exactly. We can't; we did over the recent Turkey and Italian trouble, but that was only Kitchener's bluff. Now the case is altered, and we must absorb Egypt. France isn't going to mind, and nobody else can. Egypt, in fact, is what the war is going to do for us."

"I wonder," ventured Isaacs, "if the dream of the Zionists may come true. When the Poles have Poland, why shouldn't my nation return to Palestine?"

"Have no fear," replied Mathers. "It's going to happen!"

"The Polish Jews may prefer to stop in Poland, however," answered Isaacs.

"Shall you go?" asked Jenny; but he shook his head.

"It's a large subject," he replied. "I've travelled in Palestine. On the whole—no."

"I expect that will be the difficulty," declared Mrs. Mathers. "When it comes to the point, I don't believe *any* of you will go."

"As a nation we shall go, though a comparatively few individuals, like myself, may not see our way," replied Isaacs.

"Leave it to us," said Mathers. "It's just the sort of little thing that England will do to perfection. We take over Palestine on your account and put our backs into it with our usual method and determination. Then, in ten years, you'll all be tumbling over each other to settle there again. When

you return to Palestine, my dear Isaacs, you won't know it."

"We shall appoint England to be our gate-keeper, no doubt," admitted Isaacs. "It's rather an arid, desolate country, so far as I remember."

"Naturally—under Turkey. We shall soon alter all that—cultivate and build cities and arrange industries and increase the rainfall and so on. We may even put chemicals into the Dead Sea and make it alive again."

"Will France get any more than her lost provinces?" inquired Smythe.

"France is going to be just a little difficult," confessed Mathers. "I haven't thought France out. To-morrow morning, somewhere between two-thirty and three of the clock, I shall hope to do so. Russia, of course, is easier. She recreates Poland, and absorbs Turkey—not only in Europe, but also in Asia Minor."

"Where will the Turks go to?" asked Jenny.

"You go to bed," answered Mathers; "and the Turks can go to the —. They've been asking for it for years; now they'll get it. We've kept her alive too long. I'm sorry for the Turks, but a nation usually gets the rulers she's worth."

"You don't see how you're cramping people, father," grumbled Jenny. "It's all very well to turn me down and tell me to go to bed; but you know Germans are as tightly packed as sardines in Germany, and if you're going to take Prussian Poland away from them, and Africa, and drive them out of our Colonies—"

"Where they are exceedingly numerous," added Isaacs.

"The Germans," said Mathers, "will not be driven out of our Colonies. They will still be welcome there, if they behave like reasonable beings. The hate is entirely on their side—not ours. They will also get Bavaria."

"Then, where will the Bavarians

go? It's like the 'fifteen puzzle.' You can't—"

"Good-night my darling," said Mathers firmly. "Honestly you confuse the issue. You are arguing like a child. Russia then takes Constantinople. We cannot deny it to her; and what's more, if we did, it is just on the cards that wouldn't make any difference to her proceedings. She must have an ice-free port. She deserves it. Remember Tolstoy—and Gorky. We have mistaken Russia's culture. She is a mighty nation, and has saved Europe. I am with her."

Mathers said these last four words in a voice that implied Russia was now under his personal security.

"What about Persia?" asked Smythe, doubtfully.

"My dear fellow, that little matter has been very much misunderstood. Grey will tell you all about it."

"So will Shuster," said Smythe.

"Let us have no bickering," proceeded Mathers. "We now approach the solemn subject of the indemnity, and at first sight you might think adequate indemnities impossible; but I am glad to reassure you."

"We breathe again," said Jenny. It was, however, her parting shot. She had vanished before her father continued, and Mrs. Mathers also rose.

"You will recollect that France, in 1870, was called upon to pay two hundred millions," said Mathers. "The sum, of course, is trifling, before that with which we have now to deal; but remember what happened. It was the salvation of France. The thrift and self-denial necessary to make that payment lifted her into the glorious nation she is at present. She went from strength to strength; the money was forthcoming with amazing speed, and she acquired enormous virtue by that surrender, while Germany, instead of gaining any moral return from her imposition, was ruined by it."

I ventured to applaud Mathers.

"Yes," he continued. "The gold entered into her soul. From being thrifty, she became prodigal; from being content, she grew luxuriant; from being self-contained and peaceful, she developed into the swaggering braggart we have on our hands to-day. Her defeat of France has been her own ruin. She has lost her senses, and we see the appalling result before us."

"Can nothing save her?" I asked.

"Yes," declared Mathers. "The indemnity! It took two hundred millions to save France. To save Germany is going to take——"

He stopped and looked at each of us in turn.

"Is going to take—a billion and a half!"

"That means as many postage stamps as would reach from here to the moon, doesn't it?" said Smythe.

It was just the sort of hopeless thing he does say, and Mathers never invited him again.

"By Jove—a billion and a half—do you mean it?" I inquired.

"I mean it," replied Mathers solemnly. "It's going to take Germany a billion and a half of money, at least, and a quarter of a century of time to buy back her old glory, her self-respect, and her credit in the civilized world."

"How do you divide it?" asked Isaacs.

"You shall hear to-morrow," answered The Westminster Gazette.

swered Mathers. "I've worked it out, of course, and I've got the figures in my study. England has her share, naturally."

"Naturally!" we echoed with simultaneous voice; then, feeling that virtue and well-being were in sight at last, we went to our rest.

"I don't exactly know why, but I can't help feeling old Mathers has done the fair thing to Germany," said Smythe, as we went upstairs together. "I believe Germany will live to thank him."

"But has it struck you that in about ten thousand German homes to-night parties of old fools, like ourselves, are arranging all this quite differently?" I asked.

"No, it hasn't," answered Smythe. "Good Lord, you don't think they think they're going to win? Then it's true that they really are mad."

Another thought suddenly struck me, and I called over the banisters to Mathers, who was turning out the lights.

"Don't give us too much of that indemnity," I said. "Remember Germany. We don't want it to be our turn next. We don't want to get material, and puffed up, and self-sufficient, and all that; and then be smashed by somebody else."

"Have no fear," replied Mathers. "I shall do nothing unreasonable. I am quite alive to the danger."

Eden Phillpotts.

OLD BOYS.

It will not be a woman who will discover the secret of perpetual youth. Alas, no! Women may search diligently, but they cannot long avoid the looking-glass. Men, on the other hand, seem to be sometimes upon the verge of discovery. They mature slowly, they age slowly, so slowly that it is

difficult for them often to observe the process. There is no minute-hand upon the masculine clock-face. Their physique is less susceptible of wear and tear than that of a woman. They are stronger altogether, and if we forget physique, and think of the mind apart from the body, the analogy still holds

good up to a point. A woman's intelligence is never so robust as a man's (no feminine Dr. Johnson will ever exist), and it matures more quickly, but, such as it is, it almost always does mature. Her full mental stature may be a small one. But a woman after twenty-five is grown-up. This is less generally the case with men, among whom immature minds are very common, and are common, we think, by their own fault. We are not repeating the truism that men are big children. They are, of course; but that is no sign of the arrested development to which we are alluding. On the contrary, it is a way of saying that the average masculine mind is simple in its mechanism and capable of spontaneous expansion. But there are some men who are not mentally big boys at all. They do, indeed, resemble boys, but they are boys who have lost their youth and retained their features—preserved boys, dried-up boys, so to speak, whom time has wrinkled, and perhaps sweetened, but never matured. We do not mean that they are stupid. Oh dear no! They are very clever occasionally, even very able. One of the most often remarked peculiarities of youth is the ease with which it learns—especially by heart. Some men learn just as easily and to just as little purpose. "Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," as St. Paul said with a satiric humor which we do not look for, and therefore perhaps seldom find, in Holy Writ.

These easy learners have as a rule a good bit of intellectual vanity. So have boys—they believe that truth has altered out of all knowledge since old people were young. It is only the very newest generation who can recognize it, they say to themselves—and of themselves. They are full of new wine, these "heady" boys; but there is something, after all, which is attrac-

tive about their intoxication. Older men are not afraid of them, or even disgusted by them, in their cups. It is pleasant to associate with those who are not yet sobered by experience. They will soon know that they do not know. But when experience has come, and has not brought sobriety, that is a different thing. When a little learning still goes to a man's head, though it is beginning to grizzle, and leads him to rush forward among hilarious boys and vow that he and they, the old boy and the young boys, know everything and the rest of the world are fogeys, then his intoxication revolts us.

Another rather pleasing quality of youth is fastidiousness. Fastidious a boy will be. He has not experience to enable him to form accurate judgments. His discriminating faculty works in a vacuum. He invents all sorts of shibboleths whereby to try his fellows. An acquaintance who cannot pronounce the fateful syllables is condemned out of hand. To use the wrong slang, or no slang at all, to fail to conform to the mode of the moment, is to take one's place in outer darkness among the people who count for nothing. His elders are amused at him, sometimes even rather pleased to observe that he does seek to differentiate sheep and goats, even though he does not yet know which is which. "When he gets older he will recognize that discrimination is not an end in itself," they say to themselves. As a rule they are right. Most men do learn this sooner or later, but not all. Some "old boys" never know it. They cease to think about the nice conduct of an umbrella, about turns of phrase and tones of voice, but they invent new matters upon which to exercise their fastidiousness. They will not accept any mental food except in a specially prepared form. Their information must be "dressed" by a man of letters,

They cannot talk to this, that, or the other person because he is not of their intellectual calibre. They discriminate for discrimination's sake till they forget how to acquire and know only how to discard. On such a meagre diet the mind cannot grow.

In youth, again, the sympathies are necessarily undeveloped. A boy has generally some weapon of offence in his hands, and he does not always know his friends from his foes. Luckily age provides an armor. His elders are not much hurt by his thrusts. They smile as grown-up people smile at a baby's attempts to fight, and parry the blows in such a manner as to spare the striker. His criticisms are crude, and sometimes unkind. They are not practical, yet in an oblique way they are trenchant. His hearers must laugh even if they wince. Have any of our readers lately met a boy who has been out to stay and has enjoyed himself? He comes home to find everything wrong. He seems almost ashamed of the customs of his own people. He thinks he has become an accomplished critic. That is the way that knowledge of the world comes, and that the spirit of adventure shows. It is irritating, but no more. As a rule this depreciation of the only manner of life that he really knows represents a passing phase. The mature man is more likely to exaggerate than to detract from the delights of his boyhood's home. But, as we are insisting, some men never mature. There are "old boys" who think themselves the first discoverers of foreign parts, and for whom England has become simply the *corpus vile* that nourishes the critic, a series of mistakes invented for their correction. They confuse the new and the beautiful because they are bored. But a grown man has no right to be bored into injustice though we concede it to a boy. Just now we think that the half-hearted patriot is a bad fellow. In

times of peace we pet him, and say he is witty and wide-minded and cosmopolitan. In reality both in peace and in war he is only an "old boy"—some one who has never really grown up.

Another very tiresome but not very serious bad habit of growing boys is a trick of ridiculing the things which their people hold sacred. They shock their little sisters, but their parents as a rule are not overwhelmed either by pain or indignation. Life has taught them that nothing is—or should be—sacred solely by association, though they may sigh to think how painfully experience will teach the young to rebuild the shrines they have thrown down, not knowing what they do. But only mature men can rebuild. "Old boys" are not strong enough. They stand laughing before the ruins they have made. We hear the sound above the careless glee of a generation to which they do not rightly belong, and the sound is very ugly.

In spite of all we have been saying against them, these "old boys" have some sort of charm. They are often very much liked, especially by real boys and by women. Boys see in them a likeness to themselves, and do not recognize that it is a caricature; and even a caricature of youth makes some appeal to the feminine heart. They retain the childish peculiarity of forgivableness, a quality which, while it is powerless to refute accusation, does effectually cancel condemnation. The years shrivel but do not embitter them. Could they have become full men, one wonders sometimes, had they wished it? Probably they could. They have formed a mental drug habit. They have drunk deeply of the cup of contempt, and that is a poison which is connected with vanity and levity, and which arrests more surely than any other the growth of the soul.

We have said that we do not think that women's minds are often thus

stunted. A woman of ability is not like a clever child bereft of childhood's attractions. The fact that she is a poor critic as a rule is in a sense in her favor. She is thereby freed from the contempt habit. Women have by nature a strong wish to please, and it is a wish which brings endless good qualities in its train—tolerant sympathy, for instance, the fruit of the constant study of human nature. We know that some women will take exception to this assertion, and will declare that the wish to please is a fault in their own sex born of undue subordination. But does it really come of subordination? We should say that the average woman—taking all countries and all classes into count—makes more effort to please her subordinates than to please her lord. During a few years at least of her life the average woman is an absolute ruler. Her children are under her authority in a sense in which no one is under the au-

The Spectator.

thority of a man, and these subordinates she will die to please.

After all, it takes a good many people to make up a world. Do they do much harm, these "old boys"? We are inclined to think that they do. They are always offering the world their help and always hindering the world's progress. If any one has a job to do, nothing will make its accomplishment so slow as the proffered "help" of a child. Very often the worker will put up with the hindrance for the sake of the child's company, or in order to instruct him; but if he does he must make up his mind to be a long time in "getting done," and he must risk the spoiling of his work. If he does not happen to love the child, and does not care to teach him, he will find him nothing but a "confounded little nuisance"—questioning, criticizing, and "getting under his feet." In like manner do these "old boys" hinder the work of the world.

THE ROUTINE OF WAR.

Many times, when, long before the war, the present writer wondered how it must feel to be at war, the never belied *assuetudo vilescent* would come as an inevitable if not very satisfactory answer. It is a fact. One gets used to the state of war as to everything else. Life is different, to be sure, but we are the same, and we gradually forget that things are different, or we acquire an unsuspected facility for adjusting ourselves to them. We rub on between intervals of feverishness, which become rarer as the weeks wear away, in patient expectation of the something which may hasten matters and in quiet confidence of a fortunate issue.

The other day I went down to Nevers to see some friends whom the

war has swept so far from their homes. It is about a hundred and eighty miles and in ordinary times the journey takes between three and four hours. I was informed that it would take eleven, and did not grumble. In fact, we crawled between the Loire on one side and the wooded hills on the other, listlessly gazing at the moist sandbanks or at the châteaux, endlessly stopping at queer little stations, sometimes waiting for a train of wine-tanks, sometimes waiting for nothing at all, or at all events for something which did not turn up, and nobody complained. Poor people still preserve the Christian attitude which the war made universal, at first, and their patient faces only await a chance of getting illuminated with kindness; but

rich people are becoming stiff and stingy again already, and people in power, say guards on board the train, have a tendency to bully you as in more comfortable seasons. There was a soldier in my compartment; of course, I lent him my newspapers, and the young woman in the corner offered him some sweets, but soldiers have ceased to be the centre of attention, and we did not speak to this one as if he were a hero until, feeling warm, he turned down the collar of his sweater and disclosed a frightful scar, partly still a gash, in his neck. He told us all about it, but he himself was tired of speaking about that, and he promptly diverged to his real interest, which, being a butcher's boy at Dakar, on the West African coast, was chiefly living in the bush in great leisure and freedom.

Nevers is a perfect country town seated on a hill above two beautiful rivers, with a cathedral and a Palais des Ducs on the top and a marvellous cascade of terraces, old houses, and old stairways running down to the banks of the Nièvre. As a rule, apart from the lively season when the great fairs are held and the tall white oxen from the Morvan solitudes are shipped off to our own richer meadows to get fat, killed, and eaten, Nevers is the cathedral town in all its dull beauty. At present it is rather startling to see it distinctly more busy than Paris: the station is crowded, and, outside, the fiacres that never look like fiacres are taken by storm; the avenue de la gare and the rue du Commerce are strewn with people, and opposite the Préfecture, near the Arch on the walls of which M. de Voltaire boasts so politely about "les Anglois," there is positively a mob. But this mob is only waiting for the Bordeaux despatch, and the crowd in the streets consists of refugees, the everlasting refugees—two thousand a day—or re-

servists, good-natured, smiling chaps whom by and by you will see being drilled in the park, a few of them still in their wooden sabots. Everything is as you have seen it elsewhere, with a great deal of disciplined kindness for the poor, and the only tremendous surprise is a poster on which the mayor complains that the price of beef, which you think ridiculously small, is quite out of keeping with what this magistrate has heard of the low quotations on the cattle market, and takes measures accordingly.

The little colony of exiles whom I have come to visit are also getting used to their fate. One young woman, indeed, who has not heard a word about her husband since the fall of Maubeuge, talks in a strangely optimistic tone, which does not befit her thin face and anxious, roving eyes; but a routine of life and a train of conversation has been established. Day after day they meet in the apartment of their senior and try to be cheerful. They retail and embellish little odds and ends of doubtful information, which help to give a fresh appearance to stale news one might have thought decidedly dead, and they work for the wounded whom you can see in the vast grounds of the Hôtel Dieu opposite.

What one sees there is no novelty to them, but it is to me. Nevers is positively gorged with wounded, and the Hôtel Dieu is the chief operating place. The result is that the broad walks of the garden are full of convalescents, who, alas, will never be quite themselves again! They look young and well, no doubt, after a few days in the bracing air, and they seem active and cheerful; but the activity is visible mostly in the brisk motion of their crutches on the gravel, and the poor boys will never be without these crutches. It is strange that in almost every case it should be crutches that are needed. Only once did I see an in-

stance of an arm being removed. It was a young officer who rode a bicycle at full speed in boyish triumph. He knew that one arm gone is no obstacle to a successful career. His gait was contagious.

I saw him again on All Souls' Day in the immense cemetery where the Bishop conducted a procession of six or seven thousand people. He was in his best uniform, with one sleeve neatly tucked in, and walked gravely with a heavily bandaged friend under the tall pine trees of the avenues. We all found our way to where the "victims of the war," as the phrase goes, already lie: two endless lines of little wooden crosses, with a crescent here and there where the soldier happened to be an Algerian. There was something preternaturally quiet in the sameness and repetition of these graves. The tombs of the French were covered with flowers, and people were crossing themselves over them. Then you came to the tombs of the Germans, in every point similar to those of their comrades, but without any flowers and with one solitary woman, a lady, kneeling in prayer at the grave of one Otto Tulle.

Later in the afternoon I saw more
The Saturday Review.

Germans, alive this time, and they were pathetic again. They were wounded prisoners, sufficiently recovered to be removed farther south in order to make room for more of their compatriots. If they had been arrogant, as German prisoners sometimes are, it would have been nothing, but they were not. They walked slowly and docilely in two files in their long, loose gray coats, and although the crowd was perfectly respectful, it was a staring crowd, and the curious eyes fixed upon them made the poor wretches look guilty. An hour or so afterwards, as I passed the bridge over the railway, I asked the sentry, a gray-haired reservist, if he had seen them and whether they had been safely put into their train. "Yes, sir," he answered, with some severity; "they are going to Algeria, and, shortly after they left, two trains full of *our* wounded passed through, and some were horribly sick" . . .

Horrid war! horrid Kaiser! more horrid Kronprinz! And the horrid necessity not to be foolishly soft, to be strong and resolute, lest these horrors should be repeated in ten or fifteen years, instead of being made impossible for a few generations!

Ernest Dimnet.

THE HUMILIATION OF AUSTRIA.

The troops of Austria-Hungary have been driven from Belgrade, after occupying the Serbian capital for exactly twelve days. It took them over four months to obtain admission to Belgrade, and it seems to have taken less than a day to turn them out. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has survived many deep humiliations, but it has never had to face a more bitter blow than this second signal defeat at the hands of little Serbia. The Austrian Army began the world war by

attacking Serbia in great strength, and to the general surprise its attempt at invasion was smashed. It renewed its attack at the instigation of Germany, and seemed on the point of overwhelming the Serbians when Germany once more intervened. The Serbians saw their opportunity, converted their strategic retreat into a swift attack, and have now hurled the invaders headlong across the Danube and the Save. Wherever they have turned, the Austrians have encountered defeat. They

have never recovered from the crushing blow inflicted by the Russians at the battle of Lwów. Nearly the whole of the province of Galicia has been torn from their possession, and the sudden reappearance of Austrian forces through the Dukla Pass on the north side of the Carpathians is not likely to stay the Russian movements. Austria bore unaided the first shock of the Russian advance. She saw her armies overthrown in Galicia, that East Prussia and Silesia might escape. She placed her political and military fortunes in the hands of Berlin, allowed her generals to be contemptuously superseded by German officers as though they were mere Turks, and permitted her troops to be flung unsupported into the fighting line on the southern front that German corps might be spared. She has submitted to every degradation that a proud nation could endure at the hands of an imperious master, and now has to contemplate the additional mortification of being twice defeated by the gallant Serbians. It will be no solace to Austria-Hungary to remember that Germany is not only indifferent to her misfortunes, but even hopes to profit by them at the ultimate settlement. The German attitude towards the Monarchy was candidly defined to our Berlin Correspondent by a famous German

The Times.

statesman on the very eve of the war. Asked what he would do if the "punitive expedition" against Serbia failed, this statesman replied:—"What business, in Heaven's name, is it of mine if Austria smashes her skull?"

We are not surprised to learn that the loss of Belgrade has caused consternation in Vienna and Budapest, that Austria is beginning to perceive how completely she has been tricked, and that in all the great cities the indignant public are beginning to clamor for peace. Hungary already sees very clearly the fate that awaits her in the spring. On two occasions strong Russian cavalry forces have crossed the Carpathians in several directions, and have emerged beyond the southern foothills. By the time the snows are melting the Hungarian plains will be open to the invader, and there will be no turning back until the domes and spires of Budapest are in sight. When that day dawns, Austria-Hungary can expect no help from Germany. She will have to square her own accounts, and she will find the process a formidable one. Nobody will have to pay a higher or a more disastrous price for becoming the tool of Prussian ambitions than the people of Austria-Hungary, not even the Bavarians, who have been once more fighting with their Prussian comrades at Antwerp.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In Mrs. Frances Newton Symmes Allen's "Her Wings" it is not the women with their occasional excursions into politics in whom the reader is interested but the two men brought into collision at every turn of their lives until the end finds them in harmony. One is a gardener, the other a doctor; one, nameless, the other, of

flawless ancestry, and one follows their history with care, letting the women enter where they may. But the "new woman" has the last word after all, in her amazing manner of meeting the loss of her child, which is unique in fiction. The general tone of the story is quiet and peaceful. Its gentle irony is refreshing in a time of elaborate

strenuousness. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Lucas' Annual" takes its title from its editor, Mr. E. V. Lucas, one of the most delightful of contemporary essayists and fiction writers and compilers of anthologies. In the present volume Mr. Lucas includes only one sketch of his own. The other contributions, in prose and verse, are by Arnold Bennett, J. M. Barrie, Austin Dobson, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, Stephen Leacock, Hugh Walpole, F. Anstey and others. This is a brilliant list of contributors to assemble in a single volume of modest size and it hardly needs to be said that the collection of their articles is varied and diverting. The Macmillan Company.

Hermann Türek has written and a company of English scholars have translated a book called "The Man of Genius." The author attempts to overthrow the prevalent influence of Nietzsche in modern thinking and to assert again the teaching of Jesus. He accepts frankly the assertion of Goethe, "The first and last thing demanded of genius is love of truth." He then advances a step, asserting that genius is a delight in the beauty of things without any craving for possession, devoid of selfishness and lust, an intense desire for the highest good of the thing loved. He ends his argument with the assertion, "Genius is love." He then studies genius as manifested in Hamlet, Faust, Manfred—as representing the picture of the ideal man of genius; following with sketches of Christ, Buddha, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, as illustrations of genius in its manifold manifestation. He ends with interpretations of Stirner, Nietzsche, and Ibsen, as the representatives of "moral, intellectual, and æsthetic narrowness." Dr. Türek is a vigorous thinker and his fearless faith

is infinitely refreshing after the morbid self-absorption of many modern philosophers. The Macmillan Co.

Henry Holt and Company have added one more novel, "The House of Deceit," to what threatens to become another wave of anonymity. And this book seems unusually anonymous, for while its four parts are not so different as to suggest four different authorships, they must have been written in four distinct moods, or say behind four different masks. The scene is laid in England, and for the most part in London. Part I. is brilliantly and exuberantly satirical. Maurice Sangster, young, blazing with ambition, un-snubbable, religious, and filled with a morbid taste for lifting his voice in prayer, and Humphry Champness, rich, pompous, testy, and intolerant are the chief targets. Their blatant nonconformity is made to reek to heaven. Mr. Champness' daughter Phœbe marries Maurice against her father's will; his son Leonard goes over to the Anglican church. Part II. is a serious, and for the most part sympathetic, character-study of Maurice in the role of a demagogue. Leonard becomes the butt of the story and dabbles with Catholicism in the person of a newly converted Anglican priest. Part III. discloses Maurice in the Cabinet and then proceeds to hound him with incredible vindictiveness into a state of complete moral and political abasement, dragging even poor harmless Phœbe down with him. The means and instruments of his ruin are complex, but the destructive, critical spirit of Nonconformity seems to lie deep at the bottom of all of them. Part IV. dismisses Maurice contemptuously in a few pages, and Leonard bobs up in a very sympathetic light as the protagonist of the rest of the story. Nothing happens, however, except a long interview in which he asks

the priest to receive him into the Catholic church. The book ends with the declaration of the priest that he can advise best by telling the story of his own life in one short sentence: "For God's sake, stay where you are!"

Of making many books there is no end—for Orison Swett Marden. His unwearied optimism keeps pace with a continuous typewriter service. It is a wonder, too, how a man, who makes so many, can turn out such interesting volumes. His "Keeping Fit" is a plea for the simple life from the kitchen point of view and a fierce onslaught against eating too much, too richly, too American-ly. He does not believe in the frying-pan, and abhors the New England pie. He however has a good word for baked beans and brown bread. On the whole he writes most sensibly, advocating neither vegetarianism, Fletcherism, or any other fad of the time, steering a safe course between, adapting the best part of all modern theories to his own wise plan of eating. He teaches roundly that in a regulated diet lies the real secret of continued health and longevity. His chapters on "Fatigue Poisons" and "What to Eat after Fifty" are peculiarly sane and wise. T. Y. Crowell Co.

In the history of most books the story of the selection of the title is apt to form the most prosaic paragraph; but in the case of a recent novel published by Mitchell Kennerley it is tinged so strongly with the personality of the anonymous author that it is worth repeating. A critical friend wrote of some of her early work, "Too much of yourself! There is a Jane in every one of your stories!" The reply came promptly, "Is there? Well, I am going to write a book that is *altogether Jane*!" The book was written and accepted, and "*Altogether Jane*" it has officially become. It pur-

ports to be an autobiography, and bears all the earmarks of being one with respect to the personality of the author, if not absolutely so with regard to the actual events of her life. It is an intensely pathetic book, a heavy fabric woven with a triple strand of pathos,—the common pathos of ordinary human existence, the dullness and the harshness of life, a taste of comparative poverty, death, marital infelicity, a love betrayed, and an ungrateful child; the pathos of an author reduced by unbroken rejection to the point of turning herself, as she confesses in the preface, "inside out on the altar of success"; and, most heart-rending of all, the pathos of seeing a sordid, cruel, sentimental, selfish, and tenaciously egotistical little soul exposing itself naked to the world, in the pitiful belief that it is really a great and glorious soul, clothed in the most shimmering veils of idealism and beauty of spirit and borne up by the wings of genius. It would be unforgivably cruel to speak so plainly if the rare fires of grief, pity, rapture, and wonder which pure untamed emotion sometimes kindles in her did not reveal the presence of just such wings, cramped and folded in the bonds of a narrow cocoon of self. But it is impossible to see them and refrain from an attempt to sever the tightly spun threads which bar them from the wider, more impersonal air in which they were meant to beat.

Gertrude Fisher Scott adds a third volume to her "Jean Cabot Series" in "Jean Cabot in Cap and Gown" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) and the "jacket" of the book shows the heroine arrayed as the title indicates. Like the earlier volumes, this is a natural and wholesome story of girls' college life. The characters are well drawn, and there is no straining after effect. There is a mild flavor of romance at the

close, the fuller development of which is promised in a later volume. Six full-page illustrations by Arthur O. Scott decorate the book.

The very word essay suggests the difficulty of achieving success in the department of literature to which it has been applied; and, to make it worse, in so transparent a tissue any failure to attain perfection in the delicate articulation of matter, manner, and personality on which its grace depends stands out with disheartening distinctness. It is hard for criticism to strike a mean between indiscriminate praise and a regretful poking of fingers into flaws. The ten essays in Robert Haven Schauffler's "*A Joyful Heart*" (Houghton Mifflin Company) are most pleasing in their matter. Pleas for enthusiasm, for exuberance, for a wiser investment of vitality, and for a better acquaintance with one's subconscious self never grow trite. There is a touch of novelty in his briefs for the importance to the arts of physical well-being and freedom from worry; for a wider recognition of the part which the humble friends of genius play in inspiring its masterpieces; and for the value of learning to take in music from the printed page as well as through the ear, as we have already learned to do with poetry. And his contention that the decline of poetry is due to the nervous drain of urban life is illuminating, if not completely convincing. If the manner in which these ideas are clothed is less agreeable it is probably due to the diffidence with which an essayist with convictions must approach a public accustomed to swallowing its ideas only in a sugar-coating of fiction; to a consciousness of the necessity for being always tactful and entertaining, and not too fanatical or dictatorial. As for personality, it would certainly be ungrateful to complain of anything so

wholesome and engaging as the one which Mr. Schauffler's essays reveal.

"His Royal Happiness," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), is a daring and fascinating extravaganza which opens with a visit of an English Prince to the United States. In the White House he meets Hilary Lanchester, the daughter of a former President, with results that seem to contain such possibilities of tragedy for both of them that their friends, and Hilary herself, do their best to keep them apart. But fate brings down Prince Alfred with an attack of tuberculosis, and sends him to a famous sanitarium in the Adirondacks, only a few miles from the Lanchesters' summer camp. The barriers are down, he falls desperately in love with the girl, plans to give up his title and turn rancher, and finally, just before the news comes that a fatal accident to the royal yacht has made him king—but it is too good a story to spoil by any further anticipations. Mrs. Cotes composes her three or four imaginary Presidents amusingly by using the chief characteristics of the last three or four real ones in new combinations; she has a keen eye for the foibles of Anglo-Americans and the heaviness of Germans, great and small, and a humorous touch in portraying them; and her obvious delight in the aristocracy of England is kept so well in hand and tempered so shrewdly with common sense that even those Americans whose innate capacity for hungering and thirsting after royalty has not yet been revealed to them will be able to forgive her for it. She is mistress of an unusual faculty for writing pure narrative, unadulterated by psychology or ethics or realism or romance or even drama, and for keeping it always direct, simple, and friendly. D. Appleton & Co.